

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

No. 2.



SALVATOR ROSA.

IN reading the lives of distinguished painters, one fact, above all others, seems to rise prominent—that the peculiar element in a man's nature which gives him a bent towards the art of painting also involves high gifts in many other directions; in short, that the genius of painting is practically a

universal genius. Scarcely an artist of note can be mentioned who would not have excelled either as a poet or a musician, at least. Da Vinci was great in almost everything—painting, poetry, music, sculpture, architecture and numerous mechanic arts. Michael Angelo was a poet as well as a painter and sculptor. But we need not present a long catalogue of the names of those artists who, excelling in paint-

ing, also gave evidence of wonderful talents in other and manifold directions. The list would include hundreds, even among living artists.

Salvator Rosa, the famous painter whose name heads this article, was no exception to the general rule we have laid down. Though his greatest celebrity is due to his genius as a painter, he was likewise distinguished as a poet and a musician. He was born at Renella, near Naples, on the 20th of June, 1615. He was the son of an architect and surveyor, who placed him in a seminary to be educated for the priesthood. But a clerical life was probably distasteful to the boy, who of his own accord left the school in which he had been placed, and, at the age of sixteen, began the study of music, with so much success that he soon became a skillful composer. But his eldest sister having married Francesco Francancani, a painter of no little merit, Salvator, from frequently visiting his studio, had his love for art awakened, and began to gratify it by copying whatever struck his fancy in the paintings of his brother-in-law. With the instincts of true genius, however, he was not long in turning to nature as the best master in the art to which the praise bestowed on his earlier sketches had determined him to devote himself. Among the wild fastnesses of the Apennines, with their desolate yet romantic scenery, he found the school in which he studied. He delighted, we are told, in delineating scenes of gloomy grandeur and terrible magnificence, to which the boldness of his conceptions and the fidelity of his representations communicated a peculiar degree of interest.

Salvator worked for some time at Naples in comparative obscurity. Some of his landscapes, however, having attracted the attention of the celebrated painter Lanfranco, he purchased them, thus encouraging the young artist, and enabling him to pursue his studies with greater freedom. He became a pupil of Aniello Falcone, a painter of battle-pieces, in which he himself subsequently excelled. Spagnoletto, also, was for a time his master.

About 1635, when still very young, he went to Rome, where he worked and attained a high reputation, painting, among other meritorious pictures, an altar-piece for the Neapolitan Cardinal Brancacci. He accompanied Prince Carlo de Medici to Florence, and executed several important works for him. In 1647, he took part in the revolt at Naples, and fought by the side of Masaniello. After the final defeat of the insurgents, Salvator escaped to Florence, receiving there the patronage of the grand duke. After working for several years at Florence, he finally returned to Rome, where he exhibited some pictures in 1663. His death occurred ten years later, at Rome, on the 18th of March, 1673.

Besides being a painter and musician, Salvator was the writer of several good plays, in which he also performed parts. He likewise wrote poetry, consisting principally of satirical pieces, some of which are still held in esteem. His satires raised him many enemies. On account of their caustic wit, he was excluded from the Roman Academy. Some time

after, the academy having refused admission to another artist, who practiced surgery as well as painting, Salvator observed that it was very injudicious in them, since the academy greatly needed a surgeon to reset the legs and arms daily dislocated by its members.

"Salvator has a high reputation as a painter, and he owes this mainly to his landscapes, which, though faulty in many respects, arrest attention by originality in subject and treatment. They are generally representations of wild and savage scenes, executed with a freedom and decision remarkably appropriate. He also produced numerous etchings, highly characteristic of his peculiar style."

"Salvator," says Ruskin, "possessed real genius, but was crushed by misery in his youth. * * * In heart disdainful, in temper adventurous, conscious of power, impatient of labor, * * * he fled to the Calabrian hills, seeking not knowledge, but freedom. * * * He had not the sacred sense—the sense of color; all the loveliest hues of the Calabrian air were invisible to him. He saw only what was gross and terrible. * * * I see in him, notwithstanding his baseness, the lost traces of spiritual life in the art of Europe."

E. I. N. SAMMLER.

OUR UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

SOME men, says Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, are always, without seeming effort or thought, making other people happy. Like the bride under the apple-trees of the Canticles, we sit under their shadow with great delight; meet them where you will, and their smiling faces, their cheerful voices, the springing foot, the silent pressure of the hand, encourage and comfort, like the ripple of cool waters on the sultry day, like the voice of the nightingale in the dreary night.

But there are others whose very presence depresses and saddens us. Oliver Goldsmith's Mr. Croaker, whom Lord Lytton reproduced in Mr. Wormwood, is as truly a representative man as Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim. We meet such people every day, and they have always some new distress for us. Their sweetest smile is suggestive of the neuralgia. They go home at night like an undertaker to a funeral, and children cease singing, and wives refrain from smiles. They go abroad in the morning, like a Scotch mist from the highlands, to drizzle discontent in the street and market-place. They enter the house of God to render its songs of praise requiems, and its oil of joy ice-water; and their religious light shines before men as heaven's sunshine through stained glass, and the priest at the shrine looks like a variegated ghost, and the reverent worshippers like brindled hobgoblins.

And thus, even in our spheres of secular life, we affect one another. Our simple presence diffuses either gloom or gladness—some like bright palms beside a fountain, and some like dark cypresses over a grave, yet all alike, and always "casting shadows."

GEYSERS AND THERMAL SPRINGS.

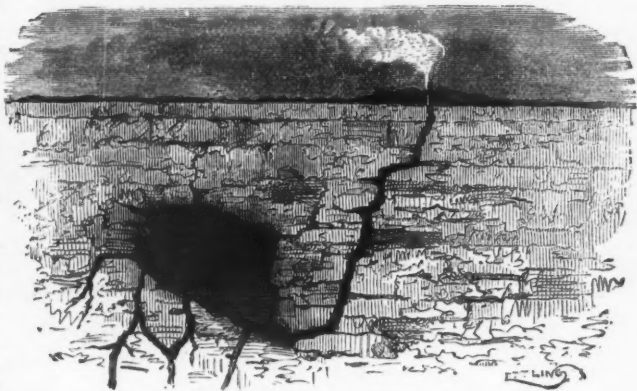
HOT springs are found in almost every section of the globe, from the burning regions of the Torrid Zone up to the ice-bound mountains and valleys of Iceland. These springs usually indicate either present or past volcanic activity. In Iceland, California, Colorado, New Zealand and other volcanic regions of the world, jets of steam, mingled with boiling water, are so considerable, as to rank among the most astonishing phenomena of nature.

Geologists pretty generally agree in ascribing the cause of geysers and thermal springs to the probable near neighborhood of burning lava, with which the water of the springs comes in contact, and by which it is heated. By heating the bases of tubes of iron filled with water, and surmounted by a basin, Professor Tyndall succeeded in creating in miniature all the conditions which are thought to apply to the Icelandic springs, and in producing in his laboratory charming little geysers, which jetted out every five minutes.

An idea of the geyser apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The jets are due to a reciprocation of pressure between water and steam in an underground reservoir. Heat is supplied by volcanic fires far above the boiling-point. When the steam reaches a sufficient pressure, its expansion drives out the water; the weight of which, in returning at a reduced temperature, combines with the lowered heat to compress the steam until it can muster strength for a new effort. Water in the liquid and water in the vaporized state have by turns the mastery. The vertical pipes are never empty, so that the pressure of the water is constant, and the steam can gain only temporary and partial relief. An illustration of the action of a geyser may be seen in the boiling over of a tea-kettle.

The volcanic springs of New Zealand are more remarkable, though not so well known as those of Iceland. A writer, describing that remote region, says: "On the slightly winding line of fissure which extends from the south-west to the north-east, between the ever active volcano of Tongariro and the smoking island of Whakari, in Plenty Bay, thermal springs, mud fountains and geysers rise in more than a thousand places, and in some spots combine to form considerable lakes. In some localities the hot vapors make their escape from the sides of the mountains in such abundance that the soil is reduced to a soft state over vast surfaces, and flows down slowly to the plains in long beds of mud. For a distance of more than a mile, a portion of the Lake of Taupo boils as if it was heated by a subterranean fire, and the temperature of its water reaches, on the average, one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Farther to the north,

the two sides of the valley, through which flows the impetuous river of Waikato after its issue from the Lake Taupo, present, for more than a mile, so large a number of water-jets, that in one spot as many as seventy-six are counted. These geysers, which rise to various heights, play alternately, as if obeying a kind of rhythm in their successive appearances and disappearances. While one springs out of the ground, falling back into its basin in a graceful curve bent by the wind, another ceases to jet out. In one spot a whole series of jets of water suddenly become quiet, and the basins of still water emit nothing but a thin mist of vapor. Farther on, however, the mountain is all activity; liquid columns all at once shine in the sun, and white cascades fall from terrace to ter-



FORMATION OF A GEYSER.

race towards the river. Every moment the features of the landscape are being modified, and fresh voices take a part in the marvelous concert of the gushing springs.

One of the thermal springs of New Zealand should be counted among the greatest wonders of the world. Dr. Von Hochstetter, who visited this region, gives a careful description of it. It is the Lake of Rotomahana, a small basin of about one hundred and twenty acres, the temperature of which is about seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit. It is fed by innumerable springs upon its banks. The most magnificent of these springs is the Tetrata, about eighty-two feet above the eastern bank of the lake. The basin, from the centre of which the water and steam spout out, is a kind of crater, two hundred and eighty-six feet in circumference, which is surrounded by ramparts of red clay thirty-two feet in height, resembling the sides of a crater. The basin is full of clear water, which has entirely covered the former with a coating of siliceous white as marble. The water in this dazzling basin assumes a delicious blue shade, which is rendered more beautiful by the reflection of the steam unrolling its spiral clouds. The liquid which flows from the basin runs into another pool, likewise covered by a coating of siliceous, and falling from terrace to terrace, thus reaches the level of the lake. These glittering steps, over which the water spreads in thin sheets, and then falls in cascades,

form a wonderful spectacle of splendor and grace. Sometimes—say the natives—the whole body of liquid in the upper basin is suddenly upheaved in

in the world. These Icelandic geysers and springs are over one hundred in number, and possess various characteristics of size, form and manner of action.



OLD GEYSER, GREAT GEYSER AND STROCKER, ICELAND.

an enormous column, and the pool empties thirty feet of its depth.

Until a very recent period, the geysers of Iceland were set down as the largest and the most wonderful

The Great Geyser—the geyser *par excellence*—perpetually attracts tourists from all parts of the world to witness the wonderful phenomena which it displays. Its basin is shaped, in appearance, like a

tea-saucer, with a mean diameter of about fifty feet. This basin is of siliceous stone, which the geyser has itself formed during the lapse of centuries, and serves as the outer inclosure of a funnel-shaped cavity, seventy-five feet deep, from the bottom of which rise the water and steam. A thin liquid sheet flows over the edges of the basin, and descends in little cascades over the outer slope. The cold air lowers the temperature of the water on the surface, but the heat increases more and more in all the layers beneath; every here and there bubbles are formed at the bottom of the water, and burst when they emerge into the air.

The action of this geyser occurs at irregular intervals, sometimes several times a day, sometimes but once in two or three days. It gives warning of an approaching eruption, by a succession of explosive sounds which are like the booming of cannon. The water becomes greatly agitated, and then from the centre, out of the funnel, a stream rises up to the distance of sometimes more than a hundred feet, in a solid body, separating into different streams, or into spray, as it descends. Great quantities of steam also escape at the same time. This eruption of water continues for the space of six or eight minutes, and then subsides.

The Strocker (churn), or, as it is sometimes called, the New Geyser, unlike the Great Geyser, has no raised, saucer-like basin. It is like a well, nine feet in diameter at the top, and growing smaller as it descends. It is situated about one hundred and thirty-one yards south of the Great Geyser. The water in this geyser keeps in a constant state of agitation, at about twenty feet below the surface of the ground. Its eruptions occur once or twice a day, and it throws a stream of water to a great height. The funnel, or bore, which descends into the earth, and through which the water ascends, is irregular, and causes the ascending stream to take a more varied form.

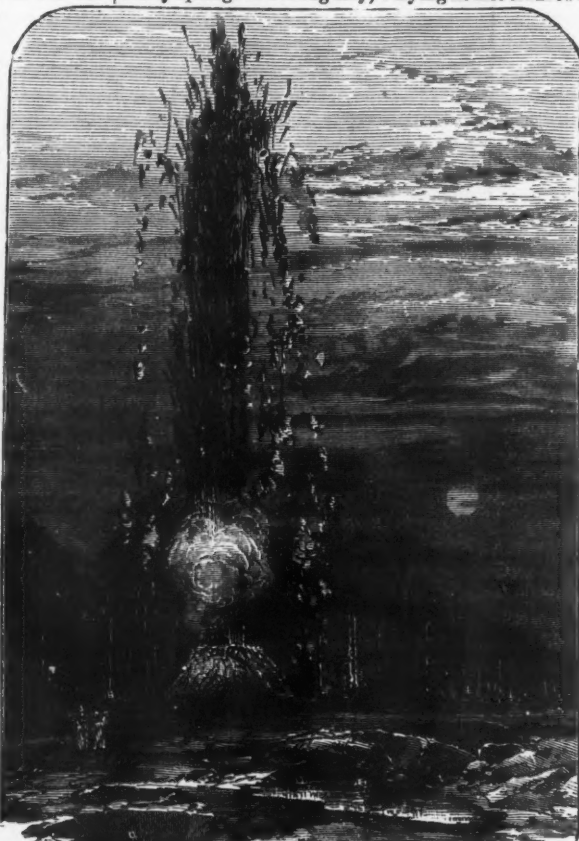
This geyser can be compelled to an eruption at almost any time, by throwing into it pieces of turf. This so angers the unseen demon below, that it at once spouts forth a column of dirty water, sometimes to the height of one hundred and thirty feet.

The little geyser, which plays every thirty or forty minutes, sinks into insignificance, when compared with the two already described.

Hot springs are scattered all over Iceland, to the number of thousands. These are sometimes utilized by the inhabitants for the purposes of cooking and washing. They also furnish excellent opportunities for warm baths, a luxury which it seems ought to be

appreciated in a country with so uncongenial a climate as Iceland.

But the Valley of the Yellowstone, in the Territory of Colorado, is the wonder-land of the world. The region is literally filled with boiling springs and extinct craters. In one locality, two hills, each three hundred feet in height, and from a quarter to a half a mile across, have been formed wholly from the sediments of adjacent springs—lava, sulphur and reddish-brown clay. An extinct crater contains about thirty springs of boiling clay, varying in size from two



MUD VOLCANOES IN THE VALLEY OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

to ten feet in diameter. There is also a mud geyser, which, from a basin one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and an orifice thirty by fifty feet, sends up regularly, every six hours, a splashing, muddy mass, to the height of forty feet.

A number of geysers in this region outdo the Iceland geysers, either in size or in the peculiarity of their phenomena. "The Fan," a geyser which derives its name from its peculiar shape, discharges two radiating jets of water to the height of sixty feet. Its eruptions are very frequent, lasting usually from ten to thirty minutes.

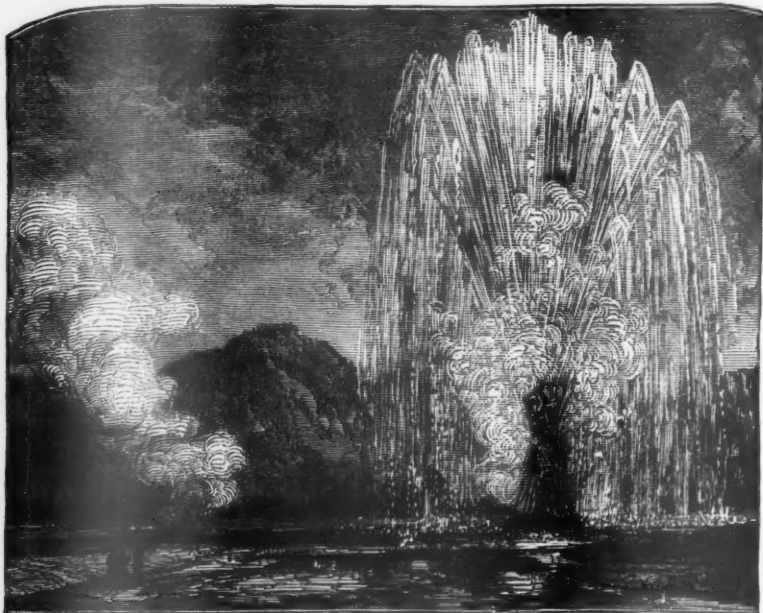
"The Grotto," so named from the peculiar shape of its basin, shoots out a volume of boiling water,

four feet in diameter, to the height of sixty feet.

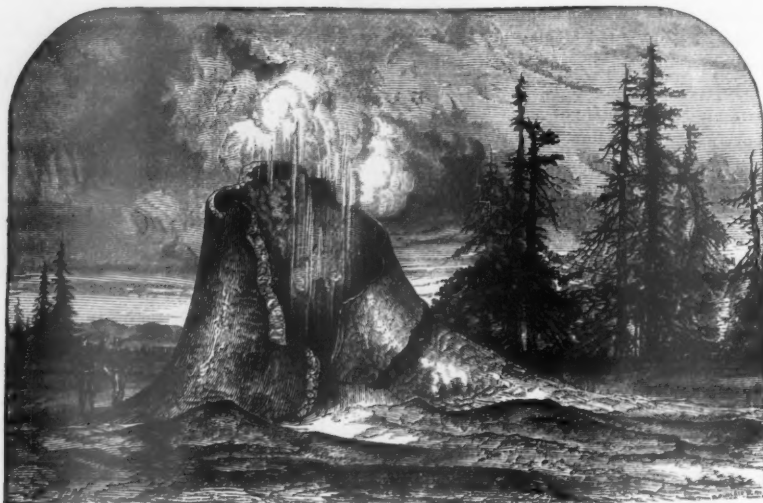
"The Castle," whose high and precipitous basin presents a strong resemblance to ramparted walls, has a discharge every two or three hours, and not less than fifty feet high.

with lesser jets playing at the same time. A traveler thus describes this geyser:

"Our search for new wonders leading us across the Fire Hole River, we ascended a gentle incrustated slope, and came suddenly upon a large, oval aperture, with scalloped edges, the diameters of which were



THE FAN GEYSER.



CRATER OF GIANT GEYSER.

"The Giant" discharges a vast body of water one hundred and forty feet in vertical height, sometimes continuing uninterruptedly for two or three hours.

Another geyser, called "The Giantess," projects water to the height of two hundred and fifty feet,

eighteen and twenty-five feet, the sides corrugated and covered with a grayish-white siliceous deposit, which was distinctly visible at the depth of one hundred feet below the surface. No water could be discovered, but we could distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began

to rise, boiling and spluttering, and sending out huge masses of steam, causing a general stampede of our company, driving us some distance from our point of observation. When within about forty feet of the surface, it became stationary, and we returned to look down upon it. It was foaming and surging at a terrible rate, occasionally emitting small jets of hot water nearly to the mouth of the orifice. All at once it seemed seized with a fearful spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through and out of the apex of this vast aqueous mass, five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvelous height of two hundred and fifty feet. These lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceed from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. If the theory that water, by constant boiling, becomes explosive when freed from air, be true, this theory rationally accounts for all irregularities in the eruptions of the geysers.

"This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing—dipping and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing only to be succeeded by others, again and again, amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling, sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapor, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle radiant with all the colors of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of the display. Two of these wonderful eruptions occurred during the twenty-two hours we remained in the valley."

The same traveler also says: "How many more geysers there are in this locality, it would be impossible to conjecture. Our waning stores admonished us of the necessity for a hurried departure, and we reluctantly left this remarkable region less than half explored. In this basin, which is about two miles in length and one mile in width, more than a thousand pipes or wells rise to the surface, varying in diameter from two to one hundred and twenty feet, the water in which varies in temperature from one hundred and forty degrees to the boiling point, upwards of a hundred of which give evidence, by the calcareous deposits surrounding them, that they are geysers; and to all appearances they are as likely to be as any we saw in action."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

A REMINISCENCE.

A CROSS the threshold, low and worn,
Where oft his weary feet had pass'd
In other days, till at the last
The idol of my heart was borne.

I held his frozen hand in mine,
I bent above his quiet face,
And sought by many a fond embrace
To win some answering word or sign.

Forth to his deaf, unconscious ear,
I poured wild words of love and pain;
I would not think he could not hear—
Would not believe 'twas all in vain.

The icy features did not stir;
At last no more vain words I said;
But grown as silent as the dead,
I only stood and gazed and wept.

How pale and passionless he lay!
The white and silent face express'd
An utter calm, a perfect rest—
All trace of pain was swept away.

And suddenly there came to me
The memory of a prayer I pray'd,
When once, bewilder'd and dismay'd,
I learn'd how dark the world might be.

"O God!" I cried, "my dear one spare,
Nor lead him in these dreary ways;
Let me the heavy burdens bear,
While health and gladness crown his days."

And, lo, the answer! Hush'd and still,
I pour'd no more my wild lament;
But holding fast his fingers chill,
In reverent thanks my head I bent.

I thank Thee, God, to-night; though tears—
The bitter, burning tears, will start;
Though I have known for weary years
The constant hunger of the heart.

And if, dear one, a word of mine
Could reach thee, in thy narrow bed,
And break that blessed rest of thine,
It should forever be unsaid.

And yet, to have thee, as of old;
To rest in thine embrace; to see
Those loving eyes shine down on me,
With the sweet light they used to hold—

My heart, no more unsatisfied,
But every longing understood—
Would I not call thee to my side?
Thank God, I cannot, if I would!

C. BARNES.

MABEL WINTHROP.

SORROWFULLY Mabel Winthrop looked around the little room in which she stood. Every fold in the drapery of window and bed was familiar to her. Long acquaintance had rendered the ugly wall-paper, with its huge cornucopias of roses, asters and peonies, less ugly, and the strip of rag-carpet by the bedside—two threads of yellow, two of blue, four of green, and two twisted red and black—was like an old friend to her. The yellow washstand and chairs, the small, old-fashioned looking-glass with a great bunch of peacock's feathers above it—how tired she had been of them all; but now that her desire was accomplished, and she was to leave the old life behind her, an indescribable something came over her that sent a sharp, quivering pain across her eyeballs, and made the few moments spent alone in her own room sorrowful indeed. There only remained the good byes to be said. The hard-working mother stood at the foot of the stairs.

Poor mother! Who shall say what thoughts came to her as her only daughter tripped lightly down the narrow stairs, the light of youth and hope in the great dark eyes, and the broad forehead white and smooth?

A country girl; a farmer's daughter. Poor? Not so very; the Winthrop acres were broad, the barns were large and well-filled; great orchards stretched on either side of the farm-house, and the house itself was good. "Good enough," Farmer Winthrop remarked when Mabel pleaded for a little change sometimes—a verandah here, a shady porch there, or even a little lattice-work whereon green vines might grow. "Vines wa'n't a good thing about a house, anyway; they wa'n't no use; and a farmer had got something else to do besides fixing up to please wimmen folks."

So he went on year after year, adding acre to acre and field to field, and the great bundle of notes grew larger, and his wife's face grew thinner, her hair grayer, and her temper, let us say, changed in the same proportion.

"Have you got everything in your trunk, Mabel? And your purse? Don't forget what I told you about keeping your money in your inside skirt pocket; and, for mercy's sake, child, be careful and not lose it when you're buying tickets!"

"I will be careful, mother. Yes, I have everything in my trunk, and the key in my pocket. I wish you were going with me, mother."

Mrs. Winthrop made a great effort to swallow something before she answered.

"When you see your Aunt Wilton, and her house in Fairford, you'll be glad that I'm where I am. There, father has got old Jim harnessed at last, and they've lifted in your trunk. I guess he's all ready, Mabel."

The woman's toil-worn fingers were clasped around her daughter's hand.

"Write to me often, Mabel; your letters will be all the comfort I shall have till you come back. Be

a good girl, and—don't cry, child; you needn't feel bad about going away from here. You know how anxious you've been to go, and how pleased you were when your aunt invited you to Fairford."

"I know it, mother; but I didn't think I should feel like this—"

"Are you all ready, Mabel? Guess there hain't much time to spare." This through the open window.

"All ready, father. Good-bye, mother. If you want me anytime, just write and tell me so."

"Good-bye, Mabel."

In the cool autumn morning, the woman stood in the kitchen doorway watching the figures in the light wagon, as the staid old horse jogged along down to the gate, thence to the highway, giving only one heavy sob as she saw a white handkerchief waved, and heard a clear, girlish voice call, "Good-bye, mother," just before the maple grove hid them from view.

After the one lingering look at the old yellow house, Mabel Winthrop turned her face towards the east, where long, living bars of rosy light showed the swift up-coming of the god of day, and gave herself up to a dream, a waking vision, such as comes only to youth and inexperience. The cool morning air, the dewy freshness of field and wood, the faint, sweet breath of ferns and flowers, the lovely flush in the eastern horizon, were part of the picture. Youth was painting and hope gilding.

There was little feeling manifested in Mabel's good-bye to her father; there was little to manifest, for father and daughter had not much in common, and I am afraid that five minutes after she had taken her seat in the cars, and the train had quickly left the little country station, all thought of the hard-working farmer, who went contentedly back to the old place on the hill-side, had left her mind, and the future looked brighter and fairer than before.

She had not very far to travel alone. At Burlington she was to join some friends of her Aunt Wilton's, and when she reached that place it was a timid, shrinking girl to whom stately Mrs. Farrar said coldly: "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Winthrop?" And the flush on the smooth cheeks deepened as, after shaking hands, Mrs. Farrar went on: "My son, Mr. Frederick Farrar, Miss Winthrop."

After a few minutes' conversation, they took their places in the Western train, and Mabel was soon deep in the book Mr. Farrar had procured for her, oblivious of everything save the fate of the heroine, who was passing through such trials as mortals never dreamed of.

Unconsciously, the girl formed a study. Mrs. Farrar looked at the beautiful face and smooth braids of glossy hair, and thought that the country girl understood the art of arranging her hair to suit the delicate oval of her face, and noted the texture of the gray dress and jacket, noted also the dainty gloves and tie, and then leaned back and closed her eyes, a great weight lifted from her burdened mind.

"Really, the girl is more than passable. No one knows how I dreaded taking charge of her."

Mr. Farrar also watched the young girl. Seldom had he seen so sweet a face. The dark eyes, once or twice raised to his when he made some trifling remark, the occasional sweet smile that flitted around her mouth at some pleasant passage in the book she was reading, and the faultless curves of cheek and chin, formed a very pleasant picture. Truly, he was glad that Mrs. Wilton had condescended to ask if they would take charge of her niece from Burlington to Fairford; and it is but simple justice to state that he did his best to make the three days' journey as pleasant as possible.

Mabel had a little dread at meeting her unknown relatives; but the welcome she received was very cordial. In her aunt's face she could discern a faint resemblance to her mother; but what a contrast were their lives! Aunt Wilton, with her elegant dress and easy, graceful manners, her fine house and attentive, gray-haired husband; and her mother, with her never-ending household cares, her petty trials, and few—oh! so few enjoyments. She did not wonder that Mrs. Wilton had never repeated the visit she had made years before to the Winthrop farmhouse.

There were no cousins to welcome Mabel, for her aunt was childless; but there were many young people who were more than willing to welcome among them "dear Mrs. Wilton's niece;" and that lady, who, it must be confessed, had a little dreaded the arrival of Josiah Winthrop's daughter, was pleased and satisfied.

As for Mabel, she enjoyed herself very much. How could the most unworldly person help contrasting the pleasant days of leisure and enjoyment with the busy working-days in the old house on the New England hills?

The girl felt that she belonged to the life she was now leading. Besides the glitter and show, the gayety and bustle of city life, there were other attractions. Always passionately fond of reading, she feasted now on the varied stories in her uncle's library. Books of travel, fiction, poetry, biography, all were eagerly read, and more and more pleasant seemed the large, bright house, with books and pictures, ferns and flowers, scattered in such rich profusion through it.

Mr. Frederick Farrar, too, found Mrs. Wilton's abode very pleasant. Numerous were the calls he made there, and sometimes he would smile on finding Mabel on the broad sofa in the drawing-room, with some ancient volume in her little hands, perfectly oblivious of all sights and sounds of the outside world. Once he told her he did not believe she really read the books she seemed so interested in; but after the one quick flash from the great dark eyes, and the look of intense scorn with which she favored him, he hastily withdrew his assertion, and declared he had been only joking.

Mr. Farrar was not in love with Mabel Winthrop. He assured himself of that fact daily. Still, he liked

to be with her, liked to hear the sweet, young voice in its girlish comment on men and things; and, in the occasional graver talks they had together, he admired the earnest eyes, the raised eyelids with their dark, perfect fringes, and the little thrill in the clear voice. When he saw her talking and laughing with other men (*flirting*, he called it), he wondered what she could see in young Todd or young Atkinson, etc. But he was not in love with her.

So the pleasant autumn days passed, and when Christmas drew near it seemed to Mabel that she was living in an enchanted land. The pleasant sights and sounds that to other young girls were so familiar, were to her new and very wonderful.

A week before Christmas she went to her first party. Her aunt, with commendable taste, chose for her dress pure white—no jewels, no ornaments, no color save the lovely sash of deep rose-pink, its fringed ends resting on her white dress, and one soft pink rose in the rich braids of her dark hair—hair never disfigured by touch of crimping-pin or curling-iron.

She would have been more than human not to have seen that the gift of beauty had been amply given her, as she stood before the long mirror in her aunt's dressing-room and saw the reflection there. Then her aunt sent her down-stairs to await her more extended preparations; and softly humming the words,

"Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you,"

she passed down the broad stairs and opened the door of the library.

She thought her uncle had not yet returned, and was surprised to find two gentlemen present. Both rose as she exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, Uncle Wilton, I did not know there—"

"Come in," interrupted her uncle, coming forward, "and let me introduce an old friend of ours." And she heard the words, "Mr. Haydon, Mabel; our niece, Miss Winthrop, Mr. Haydon," and looking up, saw—her ideal; yes, the very type she had enshrined as her ideal, and heard a pleasant voice express the owner's pleasure on making Miss Winthrop's acquaintance.

In the few minutes' conversation that followed, she found that the tall, handsome man with heavy blonde beard and deep blue eyes, was, at least, middle aged, and was different from any gentleman she had before met. She was wondering what sort of a person Mrs. Haydon might be—of course there was a Mrs. Haydon—when her aunt entered in all the splendor of purple *moire* and flashing diamonds. She greeted Mr. Haydon with warmth, and, from her inquiries, Mabel gathered that Mr. Haydon had been for some time absent on an extensive tour in the Old World, and had but just returned to his native place.

"I am sorry, Mr. Haydon, that Mabel and I have an engagement this evening; but we will leave you to Mr. Wilton's tender mercies—we are going to Mrs. Norman's."

"I shall see you again, then," said Mr. Haydon, "for I shall look in there for an hour or two by and by. I met Frank this morning, and he insisted."

"So glad to hear it," was the answer; "and we will only say, '*au revoir*.' Come, Mabel." And Mabel followed her aunt to the carriage, there to be informed about the gentleman they had just met. "Belongs to one of our first families, my dear. Intellectual, well-bred and enormously wealthy; lives in one of the finest places in the city. You must have noticed that elegant mansion on Kay Street, standing in its own grounds."

"And Mrs. Haydon?" ventured Mabel.

"Mr. Haydon has never married," answered Mrs. Wilton. "He was to have been twelve, no, fifteen years ago, and the young lady was killed in a railroad collision, just a few days before the time set for the wedding."

"How very sad! Did you know her, aunt?"

"Yes. She was a fair-haired, quiet, sober little thing; very good and lovely. No one wondered that he was inconsolable for her loss."

"He has been very faithful to her memory," said Mabel.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilton, who was of a practical turn of mind, "or else he has not since been able to find any one exactly suiting him. Here we are, at Mrs. Norman's, a little late, but that is of no consequence. I hope you will enjoy yourself, dear."

And enjoy herself, Mabel did. Everything past was forgotten; the future held no fears, all was present. In a short time every dance was claimed, and she was surrounded by a bevy of admirers. She was, undoubtedly, the belle of the evening; and many eyes rested admiringly on the fair-faced girl.

When supper was announced, Mabel was sitting on a low ottoman, in the shelter of the great bay-window, and glancing carelessly around, was not surprised to see Mr. Farrar approaching. Just then a tall figure bent over her, and an unfamiliar voice said the common-place: "May I have the pleasure, Miss Winthrop?" and, looking up, she saw Mr. Haydon. She blushed prettily, more with surprise than anything else, however; and, to the entire disgust of several elderly marriageable ladies, placed her hand on the gentleman's arm.

"I thought it only fair that I should have this pleasure," he bent down to say, as they waited a moment for some elder guests to precede them, "for I cannot claim one of those enjoyable dances—my dancing-days are over."

Mabel answered lightly: "Mine have only just begun. This is my first party."

"Yes; your aunt told me. I hope the others will be as pleasant as this."

"He talks to me like a child," thought Mabel.

"Have you been long in Fairford, Miss Winthrop?" This as they were going down the broad stairs.

"Since September."

"I was on the shores of the Adriatic in September," and then, more to himself than to his compan-

ion, Mr. Haydon said, softly: "No wonder I felt constrained to come home."

Mabel's cheeks flushed again, and the dark eyes grew darker under the drooping lids; but the thought that called up the flush was, "How can he speak in that way, if he cherishes the memory of his first-love, as he ought?"

Mabel was a trifle romantic, and that very afternoon she had read a sweet story of a bereaved one, who, when the light of his life left him, for her sweet sake, shut himself away from all earthly love, living thenceforth a life apart, etc. All this seemed very touching and beautiful to Mabel, and when her aunt told her first of Mr. Haydon, she had thought he might belong to the remarkable class typified by the bereaved hero, for whom she had felt so much sympathy.

Before the evening was over, however, Mr. Haydon had made several remarks which jarred rudely upon the "sweet memories and life apart" theory. He was blissfully unconscious of this, and when he escorted a slender, white-robed figure to Mrs. Wilton's carriage, he felt more than usually satisfied with Mr. Lewis Haydon, his position and prospects.

Mrs. Wilton's first remark when the carriage-door was closed, and they were whirling rapidly towards home, was: "I am proud of you, Mabel." There was genuine feeling in Mrs. Wilton's voice.

Mabel's words were evidently not in answer to her aunt's remark: "I have enjoyed myself so much, aunt."

Little more was said, for the distance was short, and both were tired; and soon Mabel was in that well-known state "that hath its own world," dreaming either of present triumph, or of a past time, when this way of living had been unknown, and one man's love had been given to her.

The next time Mr. Farrar called at Mr. Wilton's he found Mr. Haydon in the drawing-room, and found, also, that he and Miss Winthrop were deep in a game of chess. Of course, the chess-board was immediately laid aside, and Mabel did her best to entertain the interesting Mr. Farrar, while Mr. Haydon lounged contentedly in a great easy-chair, looked at the dark-haired girl, and waited to finish his game of chess. Mr. Farrar's call was of even less than fashionable duration that afternoon, and when he went away he had the satisfaction of leaving Mr. Haydon in the pleasant drawing-room.

Just before the early winter twilight closed over the city, that evening, Mabel stood near the window of her own room, looking at a photograph. She looked long and earnestly, and as she looked she shook her head. The pictured face before her was that of a young man—not more than twenty-three or four—with good, regular features, deep set eyes, and short, thick moustache. It was the face of Mabel Winthrop's accepted lover. He was working now—working late and early, with the one hope of making her his wife, the one object of providing a home for her.

This had been the romance of Mabel's girlhood.

Sweet had been the stolen interviews with Frank Atwood down by the little brook fringed with alders. Under the shade of the great birch on the river bank, they had plighted their troth, and there they had stood when, with passionate kisses, he had said, "Good-bye," before going to a far-off country to earn a home for her. This last interview had been in the fair June days, a year and a half ago, and as she walked through the broad orchard on her way to the trysting-place, the sweet apple-blossoms had shed their petals on her dark hair and dress. She thought of it now; the scent of the waxen lilies on her table was not so sweet as the breath of the old orchard had been; but, oh! there was such a difference. What was the home Frank Atwood was working so hard to obtain? Only the old Holbrook place, a little farm of ninety or a hundred acres, not far from Mabel's own home. She and Frank had talked it all over; it would be the height of human happiness to live in those low-roofed rooms together. The girl could have cried aloud as the thought of the story-and-a-half farm-house, the picket-fence in front, the row of maples, and the great lilac bushes each side of the front-door step. Could she ever be contented in such a place? Long after it was too dark to distinguish the features on the card in her hand, she stood at the window looking down upon it.

When the tea-bell rang, she started as if there had been utter silence in the busy city. She was quiet and thoughtful all the evening; so much so that her aunt anxiously inquired if she were not well. Yes, she was quite well. She was going to write a long letter home, and was thinking of that.

The long letter to the weary mother at home was speedily written, and afterward a shorter one, the latter addressed to Mr. Frank Atwood.

From this time, Mabel did not so much enjoy life. A cloud was upon her sunny sky—a cloud that grew larger as the winter days lengthened and the quiet Lenten time drew near.

Not many weeks passed before Mr. Farrar found that he had mistaken his feelings towards Mrs. Wilton's niece. His state of mind upon making this discovery was far from enviable, for Mr. Haydon's attentions had become so pronounced, he felt sure Miss Winthrop would be called upon to choose between the millionaire and himself.

He did his best, however, and in simple, earnest words told her of his love, offered his hand and heart, and—was rejected. Then he went his way, and the city of Fairford knew him no more.

Mr. Haydon smiled a little when he heard of Mr. Farrar's sudden departure. Of course, he understood—in fact, all Fairford knew the exact reasons Miss Winthrop gave for refusing so advantageous an offer. How they obtained their knowledge will ever remain a mystery, for Mabel never told, and I am certain Mr. Farrar never did.

It must not be supposed that Mabel was very unhappy at this time. No, the letters sent regularly to the anxious mother at home were full of the joys and pleasures of city life, and in the most casual manner

Mr. Farrar, his offer and rejection, was mentioned. The part of the letter concerning this, Mrs. Winthrop read aloud to the Winthrop *père*, and he was honestly pleased.

"I'm glad she wouldn't have him. 'Tain't no ways likely he'd make the girl a good husband. She'd much better come back and marry Charley Griggs down on the Flat here."

The woman spoke up sharply: "I'd rather see her in her coffin than see her married to Charley Griggs."

"I should like to know what *you've* got to say against so likely a man as young Griggs?" retorted the old man.

Mrs. Winthrop shut her lips tightly, a very occasional habit of hers when strongly moved, and spoke no word. How could she explain that it would be worse than the bitterness of death to see her beautiful, ambitious daughter fettered for life to a man without a single aspiration beyond the successful garnering of the largest crops on the Flat year after year.

"I thought once," pursued the old farmer, "there was something betwixt Mabel and Deacon Rodden's nephew, that young Atwood; but I guess there wa'n't, or we should ha' heard about it. Wimmen can't keep nothing."

Can they not, Mr. Winthrop? Ask the whispering alders down by the little river in your south meadow what they have seen and heard, and when they answer you, then say that one woman, your daughter Mabel, can keep a secret.

Two years had passed since Mabel stood in the fair meadow with Frank Atwood beside her, when Mr. Haydon spoke of what was in his heart. He had taken her for a long drive out on a quiet country road when he told her. Mabel listened with a sort of dazed wonder. What was she that this man—a king among men, she thought, as she sat beside him and shyly glanced at the blonde-bearded face—should love her? He was in earnest; there was no mistaking the tone in which his words were uttered.

While Mr. Haydon waited patiently for his answer, as in a mirror Mabel Winthrop saw the future. With this man, her life would be free from all petty cares and crosses; she would be wealthy and beloved; they had tastes and sympathies in common.

But she and Frank Atwood had planned a very different future. There was the old Holbrook place, the never ceasing round of daily toil, the petty household cares, the dull routine. She shivered in the warm June sunshine.

Mr. Haydon looked surprised. "Are you cold, Mabel? I may call you Mabel, may I not?"

"I am not cold," she answered; though, as she spoke, a strong shiver again swept over her.

Mr. Haydon grew anxious. "What is it, Mabel?" he asked, gently, as he placed one hand on hers. "Are you afraid to trust yourself to me? I will guard you very tenderly."

Mabel looked up, and—how could she help con-

trasting this man with poor, hard-working Frank Atwood?

She had decided; she would be true to her promise, and in a few tremulous words she thanked Mr. Haydon for his offer, and said him nay.

I question if that gentleman had ever been so surprised as at that answer. Without being at all conceited, too many fair women had smiled upon him for him to have had any grave doubts regarding Mabel Winthrop.

In vain he pleaded. The slowly-spoken "no" was unchanged; and at length, with a white, stern face, Mr. Haydon drove back to Fairford, and in the fair June afternoon, at the door of Mr. Wilton's house, he said "Good-bye" to Mabel Winthrop.

It was some days before Mrs. Wilton suspected what her niece had done; but when she questioned, Mabel was too proud to deny. After the one long conversation was over, Mabel felt that the days of her visit in Fairford were numbered. In effect, Mrs. Wilton had said: "I have done what I could. You have had excellent chances, and have thrown them away, and there is nothing more to be said."

A fortnight after, when Mabel said she thought she had better go home, Mrs. Wilton did not contradict her. In fact, she thought that the sooner the girl went back to the hard realities of life on the New England hills, the sooner she would see the mistake she had made; and, though Mr. Haydon was not the one to bow the second time, still she had a dim, undefined hope or thought, she hardly knew which, that some day all would be well—i. e., all would be as she wished.

So Mabel went home. Mrs. Wilton wrote to her sister how great was her disappointment regarding Mabel; but this did not impair the warmth of Mrs. Winthrop's greeting to her only child.

Once again Mabel stood in the yellow-floored kitchen; once again she climbed the steep and narrow stairs, and entered the little room where so much of her young life had passed. The sight of her hard-working mother, in holiday attire, to welcome her home-coming, had almost unnerved her, and the carefully-prepared room, with its one poor effort at adornment—a bunch of flowers in an earthen pitcher—completed the work.

It would have puzzled her to tell why she wept so bitterly, when alone for the night. She was not sorry for what she had done. If she could live the past few weeks over again, she would do just the same, only—

When the pleasant September days came, the future that stretched before Mabel Winthrop was not so glorified as that which had lain before her a year before. Her cheeks lost a little of their soft roundness, she was a little listless and a little pale, and her mother could see plainly that she was changed. Still she seemed cheerful and content. She remained quietly at home, and insisted on the toil-worn mother taking needful rest, while she busied herself in the daily household tasks.

The brilliant life at Fairford seemed like a dream that was ended. She had not heard from Frank At-

wood for some time; but, at first, she did not think much of this. As time went on, and no letter in the well-known writing came to her, she grew very anxious. The fear that he had forgotten her did not enter her mind; but he might be ill, or in trouble. Perhaps her last letter had not reached him—sometimes letters miscarried—so she wrote again; and, finally, her patience was rewarded. An answer came. She wished to be alone while she read the long-looked-for epistle, and, as she had just put on hat and shawl for her usual afternoon walk, when it was given to her, she held it tightly in her hand, while she crossed the orchard and took the well-remembered path down to the little river.

It was a dull November day. No rain nor snow, but fitful gusts of wind moaned through the great birch, and the alders shivered murmuringly. The sky was ashen-gray, save in the far north, where a dark cloud was rapidly forming. When the girl reached the spot where she had so often met Frank Atwood, she opened his letter. This was it, dated at Santa Barbara, California:

"MISS WINTHROP:—Your letter came to-day, and I need not begin mine by telling you that I have been a scoundrel, for that will be unnecessary when you read the words. I am married. I can make no excuses; I have none to make, for I could not help doing as I have done. I was very lonely, and Nellie Hazelton has been my good angel. I do not ask you to forgive, but forget that a person lives whose name is

FRANK ATWOOD."

She read it through—it needed no long time—mechanically straightened out the crumpled page, and read it through again—folded, and put it back in the envelope.

The sky grew darker; yet drearier moaned the weary wind, the dead leaves whirled around, and Mabel Winthrop stood under the birch tree, silent—alone.

An hour after she drew her shawl around her and turned her face homeward—across the broad meadow and through the orchard—how changed from the time the apple-blossoms shed their soft petals on her dark hair that June day, two years ago—only two! She shut herself in her own room that night, and sat for a long time with her clasped hands resting on the old bureau, and her head bowed on her hands. Then she unlocked a little drawer, wherein were letters—each one was read carefully, then refolded, and all were placed together and laid aside for the night. In the cold, gray of the morrow's dawn, no one saw the white packet laid on the freshly-lighted fire in the kitchen stove.

When this was over, Mabel Winthrop went about her household tasks, and, except that "childish faith and innocence" no longer shown in the clear, dark eyes, even her watchful mother could see no further change in the quiet girl.

So the days of the year were numbered, and no glad dawning of bright hopes came with the coming

year. It seemed to Mabel that she had nothing to live for.

The long and dreary winter was longer and drearier than she had ever believed it possible to be. She was so quiet, however, and seemed so contented, that Mr. Winthrop "guessed that going amongst city people hadn't done his girl no harm. She'd learned to appreciate her home."

At length, the sweet spring-time came again, and again gave place to summer's warmth and light; and again autumn followed close upon summer's footsteps. Mabel felt she was growing very old. She looked back with a kind of pity on the young girl who had so willingly left the shelter of the home-roof two years before.

One pleasant October afternoon the spirit of unrest was so strong upon her, that she donned hat and jacket for a long walk. She passed the old Holbrook place—the place wherein she and Frank Atwood had once planned to spend their lives. There was some one living there now. Children's happy voices sounded under the maples in the front-door yard. The lilacs either side of the front-door step had grown larger and taller—that was all the difference.

She walked on quickly, climbed the steep hill beyond the house, passed the little wood, where the narrow road was thickly strewn with fallen leaves, and then paused a moment by the wayside-gate, to take breath before climbing the hill on the right, whence the finest view of the encircling mountains, steeped in pale purple haze, could be obtained. How it was, she never understood; but, as she turned to unfasten the gate, against which she had been leaning, a tall figure stood just before her. She gave a little startled cry, as she looked up: "Mr. Haydon!"

"I am sorry I frightened you, Miss Winthrop; it is Miss Winthrop still?" he said. "I have been to the top of the hill, and was standing by the gate as you came up."

This, in the most natural manner possible, as if only a few days had passed since they last met, and his hand was extended as frankly as if the last time it had touched hers, his heart had not been wrung with dire sorrow.

"You were going up to enjoy the lovely view, were you not?" he continued, seeing plainly that it was impossible for her to speak. "Allow me to open the gate." And, before Mabel had well composed her frightened, trembling self, she was half-way up the hill, and Mr. Haydon was walking beside her.

When the top was reached, Mabel sat down on a mossy stone, under the spreading maples, and said, softly: "I am tired with my long walk. Isn't this a lovely spot?"

"It is, indeed," answered Mr. Haydon, looking at the slight figure and beautiful face under the trees.

"Have you seen Aunt Wilton very lately, Mr. Haydon?" was Mabel's next question.

"I saw Mrs. Wilton about a week ago. She was then quite well. You have not been to Fairford this summer?"

"Oh, no! I have stayed quietly at home ever

since I came back from Fairford a year ago last July."

"And you have been happy in your quiet home among these hills?"

Mabel did not mean either to answer or to look at the man who asked this question; but she did both. She raised her eyes to his for an instant, then the white lids fell, and, though she spoke no word, Mr. Haydon's question was answered.

He sat down beside her. "Miss Winthrop, more than a year ago I asked you a question on which my whole earthly happiness depended." A long pause. "If I ask the same question again, must my answer be the same?" Such a lovely flush on cheek and forehead as he looked at her. A longer silence, and then the simple, eloquent words: "I love you, Mabel. Will you be my wife?"

She looked up now, tears in her eyes. "O Mr. Haydon, you don't understand—I cannot—I cannot tell you."

"You can tell me anything there is to tell, Mabel, but do not send me away again. I have tried to reconcile myself to the idea of living without you, but I could not. So strong a desire came over me to see you once more—only to see you—and if you were happy and content to go away without a word; but you are not, and I—be my wife, Mabel. Let me teach you to love me."

"I cannot. You would not have me for your wife if you knew—"

"If I knew what, Mabel?"

"How can I tell you?"

After a little, with drooping eyes and fast-clasped hands, she told him why she had refused him before, and then, in broken words, what had happened afterwards.

When she finished, both little hands were taken in one strong clasp, and a pair of deep blue eyes looked pityingly on the sorrowful face.

"He was a wretched scoundrel, Mabel; but I owe him a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to repay. Must I ask you a third time, my darling?"

She looked at him for a moment, then a grave smile dawned on the tearful face.

"My own darling," were the only words, as Mr. Haydon drew her to him, and pressed soft kisses on cheek and brow.

Is it any wonder that he felt himself supremely blessed when, a little later, he kissed the lips that with shy, sweet words had just owned how hard it had been to refuse him that June day the year before?

And Mabel Winthrop, she who had suffered so much, whose life had seemed so lonely, so hopeless? The brightest of the bright visions that had ever come to her paled before the happiness that was hers the sunlit autumn afternoon whereon she promised to be Lewis Haydon's wife.

MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

MISS HARPER'S FAITH.

I AM not going to tell you the name of our village. It is not on the map, neither does it appear in history; yet I am here to testify that there is such a place, and that it has a name, though both name and village are to you unknown.

While I cannot give you the name, I will at least venture a short description of the place, hoping that no one who lives here will recognize it. It was not laid out on any plan; unless it was, as Mrs. Partington said of some singing, "on the independent plan." The houses were built just how and where the builder's fancy or means dictated; consequently, the streets are very irregular, one leading to Mr. Brown's pig-sty, and another coming to an untimely end in a beer saloon. The latter is called Church Street, from the Presbyterian church at the other end of it. Near the centre of the village is a Baptist church. And I would say right here, in order to prejudice you in our favor before you hear of our faults, that both churches are well supported and very well attended, a feeling of perfect good-will existing between them, and both joining heart and hand in the temperance cause. To proceed: we have a post-office, a barber's shop, a milliner and dressmaker's shop, three stores, a blacksmith's shop and a mill, and I heard some one say the other day that there is talk of starting a newspaper.

While our houses are "few and far between," the liquor saloons and gambling-houses are many and close together; but you must not think from this that we are all drunkards. No indeed! We are, with a few exceptions, a sober, law-abiding community; but there is, within a mile from here, a large tract of coal land, where a great many miners are employed to dig coal. These miners live in miserable shanties near the coalings, and give their scanty, hard-earned wages to keep our village well supplied with saloons. We have tried each of the temperance movements in turn on them, but the liquor-sellers have over-reached us every time by getting the rough miners so crazy drunk that we were glad to reach our homes in safety, they so far outnumbering our temperance men as to put defense out of the question.

Having no newspaper of our own to form a connecting link, we are so separated from the world at large that nothing reaches us until it has become old to the rest of humanity. For instance, the "Bliss and Sankey Gospel Hymns" did not reach us till they had been out almost a year, and the Murphy movement came last September. But "better late than never."

We are working with a will; many who have hitherto been "passive temperance" are now awaking to action, and taking hold of the work in earnest; for their own sons are drifting "over the falls." Ah, "it is," as the old adage says, "easy to bury other folks' children;" but when our own are in danger, then we awake to action. God help us if we awaken too late, for remorse cannot undo!

The new movement has been a success so far; one

hundred, ten of whom were miners, signed the first night, and the worst liquor-seller in the place led off the second night. His only son had the *delirium tremens* that week, and the father was with great difficulty prevented from burning every saloon in the village.

Our society provides badges for its signers; and last week Lute Parker and I were put on the badge committee. Lute is so good-natured and witty; but if it was any one else I would say she was a little bit obstinate; as it is, I think she is exceedingly firm. She says: "If you lower your standard to suit every case, you will have no standard; while if you remain firm, all cases can be made to come up to your standard."

This sounds pretty, but I never had the energy to put it into practice. Lute has, however; and her "uncompromising stand up" is a source of great admiration, and no end of trouble to me, her "intimate."

The other girls of our class had already served on the committee, and we determined that as we were the last we would be the best also. The particular kind of ribbon that Lute decided to have was not to be found at either of the stores, nor at the milliner's; so we next called on the village grandmas; but they turned over their ribbon stock in vain; and as a last resort we bethought us of Miss Harper, the best old maid that ever lived, I am sure; though, aside from her amiable disposition, she is much like the rest of the sisterhood. Faded brown hair, drawn smoothly back from a faded face, and coiled at the back in a knot almost as large as a good-sized walnut; faded blue eyes, that were no doubt beautiful long ago when she was happy, and the care that fills them now belonged to the future; a kind, sympathetic smile, and a general expression of patient hope; this is Miss Harper's likeness. Not pretty, you see, nor romantic, but we love every wrinkle of her kind face; and the poor hands, hardened by good deeds done, are to us more beautiful than soft, white, selfish hands can ever be. We found her busy in the kitchen; but she left her work and brought out a large bandbox filled with silk and bits of ribbon.

"Here's what we want," said Lute, picking up a bolt of narrow blue. "Oh, how handsome!" she added, as the ribbon drew with it a photograph of a boyish face.

Miss Harper's face paled, and taking the card from Lute, she looked at it yearningly, while the big tears rolled down her face and fell among the bright ribbons.

Lute and I sat looking at her in mute amazement for a minute, and then catching her by the hand, Lute begged in her sweet, impulsive way: "Tell us about it, Miss Harper."

Miss Harper was silent for a time, as though too sad to speak, and then as Lute still held her hand, and we waited, she said brokenly: "He was my boy, my sister's son. She left me two when she died, but the other one died when he was little. Dick was all I had, and I loved him too well. He was the best

boy in the world till he went away to school. He inherited a love of strong drink from his father, and I did wrong in sending him away from me; but I did not think it possible that he could fall. He was taken ill from over-study at the college, and the physician gave him brandy. It awoke his inherited passion, and when he received his degree and came home to me, he was a slave to his appetite. It almost killed me at first, but he promised so earnestly to amend, and he tried time and again to break off; but the passion was too strong for him. I woke up one morning to find him gone, and a blotted, tear-stained note left to tell me that he *could* not reform, but I should never see his ruin. I have never heard from him since. I moved away soon after, and came here; that was almost five years ago." She paused a moment, and then with a sigh continued: "That is all there is of the story; but I pray constantly that God, in His infinite mercy and love, may see fit to send my boy back to me; and you know that Christ said: 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' So I am waiting now, and I know that God will send him, though it may be 'after many days.'"

The tears were gone, and the look of patient hope had resumed its place. We thanked her for the ribbon, and as we arose to go, she said, kindly: "Come over this evening, girls, and I'll help you make the badges."

We promised; and, accordingly, Lute came by for me after supper, and we set out for Miss Harper's. On the way, Lute said: "Where is the speaker for to-morrow evening coming from, Grace?"

"New York, I believe," I answered. "He is to come on the morning train, and will take breakfast with us."

"What is his name?" again asked Lute.

"I am not certain, but Brown, I believe."

"Such a common name!" remarked Lute. "I do hope he will be better than our last speaker. I'm so tired of hearing about that two millions for bread and six millions for alcohol. What do the miners care for all that? They like whisky; and the love has been handed down to them through long years of whisky-drinking ancestors. What they want, is some one to talk to them who has fought and conquered the inherited curse, and who knows just what the struggle costs."

"Very true," I assented, as I knocked at Miss Harper's door.

My brother John came for us at the close of the evening, and he and I went home with Lute. We walked along in silence for a time, Lute with head bent down, as if in deep thought. At last John turned to her, and said: "Well, what do you think of the American people?"

"I was thinking how sorry I was for old maids in general, and Miss Harper, in particular; and wondering how such a good, true woman came to remain single," said Lute, with a short laugh.

"Oh, that's easily enough explained," said John. "You see, there are several thousand more women than men in America; and, though some poor fel-

lows do marry five or six times, and the Mormons do their best to provide husbands for all their single ladies, still there are several thousand left to become old maids; and, you know Miss Harper is too unselfish to take so scarce an article as a man, when others of her sex must remain single."

"Nonsense!" said I, and "Nonsense!" echoed Lute, as she ran up her home-steps. There we said good-night, and came back home.

The next morning I came down late to breakfast, and did not see the lecturer till requested to pass the bread to Mr. —. I did not catch the name; but, as I looked up the stranger's face threw me into such consternation that I dropped the bread-plate into the meat-dish, knocked over my coffee-cup and received the coffee in my lap.

"Why, Gracie!" exclaimed poor, mortified mamma. But how could I help it? I had just made a discovery.

Lute came over before we had left the table, and when introduced to the stranger, gave him such an astonished stare that the poor fellow blushed like a girl. I presume he thought we were a mannerly set; but, if he had seen us awhile after, when we escaped to my room and vented our joy in fierce hugs, and tears, and laughter, all strangely commingled, I am afraid he would have thought something about a lunatic asylum. Never mind, he knows better now.

Miss Harper had promised to come by our house on her way to the lecture, and we had a grand surprise planned for her. The stranger was in the parlor when she came, and, without thinking of the danger of a sudden shock, I immediately showed Miss Harper in where he was. He sat facing the door, and as we entered, and he caught sight of Miss Harper's face, he sprang towards us, with the glad cry: "Auntie!"

And Miss Harper? Well, what would you have done under the circumstances? Of course she laughed, and cried, and called him pet names, in true feminine style, and then drawing him down on to his knees, she thanked God for answering her prayer and sending her boy back to her.

We reached the lecture-room late, and it was fun to see the people stare at Miss Harper leaning on the stranger's arm. But, oh, the lecture that followed! It came straight from a heart that had passed through the fire, and went straight to the hearts of the miners. They answered the call in crowds, and Lute and I could not pin the badges on fast enough, so Miss Harper helped me, and what a merry, blessed time we had.

The saloons were all closed the next day; and, yesterday, I noticed a great many barrels being sent away on the train, so I suppose our temperance day is dawning.

FANNY FULLER.

"I DON'T see how you can have been working all day like a horse?" exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

SILVER FICTION.

I AM not aware whether it is to be found in Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son, but it is good counsel, notwithstanding—never balance your neighbor's forks or spoons upon your finger when dining out; for, if electro, he will think you are looking for the hall-mark—if silver, he will credit you with trying their weight. The word electro has grown so common of late that it might be a newly-discovered metal—one, however, to be found now in houses above the suspicion of "Brummagemism."

For my part, I have become a convert to "silver fiction," and have promised "one of these days" to adopt it largely. Time back I declared to my partner in life's business that, as silver was out of the question—unless my aunt made us a present—and I detested shams, we would use pewter; for, since our family plate consists of half a dozen teaspoons and a pair of sugar-tongs, thin by hard usage, it seems hardly worth while to await its descent. But I have been moralizing since I had a conversation upon the subject, and I am told to look at the advantages of electro-plate. To all intents and purposes it is silver as far as you can see, with all its cleanliness, prettiness and freedom from corrosion. Burglars will not render night hideous through coveting your service; and, for a small sum your table can be made to look as satisfactory as that of your neighbors, the Hingotts, who were born with the veritable silver spoon in their mouths.

"But," said I to my friend, how about the time when hard-usage and the buffeting of polish and plate-basket reveal the copper that lies beneath the silvery film?"

"Get the articles replated," was the reply; when I declared my conversion, and after obtaining permission, strolled up innumerable stairs, one day, to behold the process of electro-plating.

We are in a large factory; but it is in another part that steam hammers are dealing blows, each one cutting out or stamping fork or spoon. Here all is peace and quietness, as we stand in a long room, down whose centre are ranged the baths wherein the galvanic action is going on, rapidly, but invisibly—for the spectator merely gazes down into vats of yellowish-looking water, wherein wires are steeped, while hanging from rods, immersed and dimly seen are articles of every description, newly manufactured in some base metal, and now undergoing a long or short dipping, according to the thickness of the metallic coat to be deposited. Round these vats pass men in white blouses, who examine, from time to time, the articles being coated. Now they fish up a bundle of forks; now of spoons; a tea-pot, coffee-pot, race or volunteer cup; turned, in a very short space, from nickel or Britannia metal, into sterling silver—externally—forks and spoons yet wearing a copper hue, which another dip will remove. On benches and tables on one side lie articles to be plated, coarse and plebeian-looking; on the other side, articles plated, chaste and virgin-like in their silvery coating, and

only waiting the polisher's hand to make them glisten with that mirror-like brightness peculiar to new plate.

Silently the work is advancing. No effort is needed here; a solution of a salt of silver is made—voltaic electricity performs the rest, by precipitating the silver, in a metallic form, upon the article to be plated.

Perhaps the most pleasing and rapid process is that of gilding the interior of plated vases, tankards and mugs—a part enacted by one man only, who takes some elegant little flagon in hand, bright and glistening in its polish, dips from a vat with a common jug the solution contained therein, and then fills with the flat-ale-colored fluid the bright flagon. No more? Yes, just a trifle; he takes up an orange-tinted roll of gold, that resembles half a sheet of note-paper rolled up and attached to a wire. He dips this in the flagon, gives it a stir up for a few seconds, pours out the liquid, and, presto! the thing is done as if by magic: the little flagon is gorgeous inside with a rich film of deep gold, lustrous and bright. A plated mug, such as may be given by an economist to his next god-child, is then filled with solution, the gold is stirred round, the solution poured forth with the wondrously thin film deposited, and another vessel wears the hue of sunset, but so thinly that the lightest leaf yet hammered by gold-beater must be thick by comparison.

Silver, gold, platinum, copper, are all used after this fashion. In one factory the vats were on a larger scale, and in a state of suspension could be seen pokers, tongs and fenders turning fast from cast-iron into elegant domestic ornaments of the deepest bronze, with the coppery film they took, giving one a hint to examine the two elegant bronzes that stand upon the chimney-piece at home—figures of Amazon and goddess—to discover ere long that the bronze lay on the surface only, iron being the base; the discoveries of Volta and Galvani, aided by a little trickery, performing the rest.

Well, why murmur? We cannot all possess a great master's painting, yet need we not spurn a photograph; while wanting the solidities of the precious metals, there is no slight gratification accruing from silver fiction and golden films.

A WINTER GARDEN.

THE heart is a winter garden,
'Mid a dreary waste of snow;
The soil must be deep and rich and warm,
Ere a single flower will blow.
Oh! what watchful care is needed
To keep the fires alight,
For the flowers are all exotics,
And the lilies are first to blight.
The light of that winter garden
Is the light that falls from above,
And the frail, sweet blossoms that open there
Are the flowers of faith and love.

LAURA S. HAGNER.

THE WORD OF A WOMAN; AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT.*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER II.

JACK WALDO came out of the front-door with a bound, ran straight into somebody who stood in his way, and just escaped lying flat on the door-steps.

Jack was in a hurry to meet some fellows at the riding-school that afternoon, and he regained his balance, anything but pleased at his encounter. He looked up with a flush and a scowl to see Royl Darrow's face towering over him, an amused look in the man's eyes. Jack was as good-hearted as he was hot-tempered a youth; his face cleared on the instant.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darrow," he said; "I had no intention of assaulting you on the door-step."

Royl put out his hand. The two had grown tolerably well acquainted in his occasional visits at the house. Jack, in this case, agreed with his sisters, that Royl Darrow was a splendid fellow.

The young man's hand was on the door-bell when the boy ran into him.

"My dear fellow, what a handsome onslaught that was!" exclaimed Royl, with a laugh. "You came upon me as terrible as Achilles once came upon his foes! But, since neither of us is vanquished, let us shake hands on it. Is Miss Weir in?" he ended, rather abruptly.

He did not ask for Jack's sisters. The boy noticed that. In fact, very little went on under his eyes which escaped the rather shy, keen-witted boy.

As Jack Waldo has a considerable rôle to play in certain crises of this story, perhaps you may as well make his acquaintance on the door-step as anywhere. He did not resemble any of his family. The face of some long-forgotten ancestor probably lived again in the boy's dark, thin features and keen, black eyes. One of the reasons which had induced his father to go abroad at this time was the new start a sea-voyage would give Jack's health. For, the boy, despite all the home-chaffing and criticism, of which he was the object, was still the idol of the household. His parents and his sisters were amused at his oddities. They repeated his droll speeches, while his opinion of people and things had more weight with his family than any of them were aware of. They said he was "keen as a brier" and "sharp as a blade," while his shrewd, outspoken criticism went straight to the point, and showed up a family weakness or girlish foible as nothing else could have done. He had been petted and spoiled a good deal, as the only son and the youngest of the family is apt to be; but there was good stuff in him—a larger brain—a roomier heart—than in any of the others.

The truth was, Jack had grown very fond of his Cousin Genevieve during these two months that she

had been under his father's roof. Indeed, his partiality for her had been the source of endless rallying and jokes on the part of his sisters. Jack had taken it all with wonderful good-humor, parried the jests, and chosen his own times for handsomely turning the tables on those young ladies.

Genevieve, too, had a stronger liking for her boy-cousin than she had for any other of her grand relatives. Despite all their real kindness and cordiality, she was always vaguely conscious of some subtle element of criticism in the atmosphere when she was in the presence of her aunt, or of her young cousins. She always fought the feeling as an injustice to them and a weakness in herself. Still, she was never at home with them as she was with Jack. The two were together a great deal, and an affectionate intimacy had sprung up between them. If he had been two or three years older, Jack would probably have fancied himself in love with Genevieve Weir; but he was now at the period when anything of that sort seems absolutely and ineffably ridiculous to a boy. That, however, did not at all prevent him from thinking his cousin the loveliest girl he had ever met, and drawing comparisons between her and his sisters' young lady friends, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Jack's thoughts went like a flash on the door-step. He knew Genevieve was at that moment in the drawing-room with his sisters and some of their young lady friends. "If Royl Darrow once got into the drawing-room, all those fascinating young creatures would at once make a rush at him," to quote Jack's very ungallant way of putting it to himself. "He would not have a chance for a private syllable with Genevieve. Of course, if he wanted to see the others, he would have inquired for them," Jack reasoned rapidly, "and as he didn't, Royl Darrow was acting like the fine, brave fellow he was, in asking for nobody but Genevieve." Jack's heart warmed towards him; he made up his mind on the instant.

"Yes, my cousin is in," he said, promptly opening the door. "Walk in, and I will call her."

Moments were precious to Royl Darrow, for he had only a few to spare. He had come, resolved at all hazards, on having a private interview with Genevieve. He was not sure whether his meeting with Jack on the door-step would promote or retard his purpose. He was ready enough to tell the roguish-eyed boy that he wished to see his cousin alone; but he saw that such a request might embarrass Genevieve. He was not supposed to be on so intimate a footing with her as he was with her cousins. Royl himself was brave enough to dare or avow anything. It was only for the sake of the woman that he loved that he hesitated.

But Jack was equal to the occasion. Indeed, the boy's management would have done credit to one long at home in measures of this sort.

At the head of the stairs was a small alcove, which opened into the library. At this time of day the great room was sure to be empty. Jack remarked to young Darrow, in the most matter-of-fact tone, that the drawing-room was full of company, and escorted him

* Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1878, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

up the great staircase through the small alcove into the library. Then he went for Genevieve. He found her, as he expected, in the drawing-room. He managed to draw her aside and slip a card into her hand.

"You will find Darrow up-stairs, in the library," he said.

And they all imagined, when Genevieve excused herself and left the drawing-room for a few minutes, that she had gone to gratify some whim of Jack's.

No servant, though he had been in the secret, could have managed the thing half so cleverly as that young boy had done. But his thoughtfulness did not end there. It was scarcely two minutes after Genevieve had passed up the stairs, with a deepened flush on her cheeks and a happy light in her eyes, before Jack followed her. It was no small sacrifice for the boy to do this, as that afternoon would be his last chance, before he sailed, of meeting some of his cronies at the riding-school.

But he felt that his presence in the alcove might be of some service to the pair in the library; he could post himself as a kind of picket-guard outside, and in case any one approached the door, Jack felt pretty certain he could trust his ready wits to draw off the intruder.

"There isn't another girl in the world—my elegant sisters included—for whom I would take all this trouble," muttered Jack, to himself, as he marched, with rather a rueful face, up the long staircase. "But, bless your sweet soul and your pretty face, my Cousin Genevieve, you are worth a fellow's putting himself out for you; and if Royle Darrow and you should—" He did not finish this sentence, he only turned a somersault and distorted his face into an expression of mysterious and unutterable exultation. Then he went to one side of the alcove and ensconced himself on a small lounge behind some heavy silk curtains.

A low hum of voices from the library came to him, but he could not distinguish a word; and if he could, he would have been horrified at the bare idea of turning eavesdropper. Still, he did feel rather grand, mounted on guard there, and he chuckled no little to himself, thinking how electrified the people down-stairs would be if they knew that Royle Darrow and Genevieve Weir were having an interview all to themselves in the library!

Meanwhile, the young people were having their own talk together.

"O my darling!" Royle Darrow was saying, as he held the soft, small hand, and drank in the sweetness of the brown eyes that smiled into his, "this has been the happiest, humblest day of my life! The world around and the heavens above seem changed and glorified to me. What have I done, I constantly ask myself, that God should so supremely bless me? What am I, that He should give me the loveliest woman in all His world, that I may love and cherish her? My Genevieve, when I try to think what you are to be in my future—inspiring and ennobling whatever is best in me—the song, and poem, and bloom in my life, my soul is still with joy and wonder. The knights and heroes of the loftiest poems, of

the noblest romances, hardly seem worthy of you! And to what stature must I dwindle when I dare to place myself in thoughts by their side?"

This talk seemed divine as the music of the spheres to Genevieve. Yet, as she listened, a certain fear mingled with her joy.

"O Royle!" said the clear voice, with a quiver all through its sweetness, "I am not what your love and fancy are making me. I tremble for the time when you shall come to see the real Genevieve behind all your beautiful idealization of her. And, yet, Royle, you shall hold me to my best! Love, you know, has transmuted even base natures into something fine and noble. I will try to grow into the woman you imagine me! How could I have dreamed yesterday that I should be sitting here to-day, saying this to you? I have lived so much. I have been so happy, it seems ages since you told me last night!"

So they talked their lover's talk, while Jack, in the next room, a self-posted sentinel, was having a hard time of it, thinking of the fellows at the riding-school, and telling himself, "he was a long-eared donkey not to cut out of the house, and leave the young people in the library to take care of their own affairs. He didn't suppose they would thank him for mounting guard over their interview."

But, for all that, though he fumed and grew more vexed and impatient every moment, and twisted his slight, lithe figure into all imaginable shapes, Jack stayed. Meanwhile, young Darrow, though he had a great deal to say, had very little time in which to say it.

He had that morning experienced about the sharpest vexation which had ever fallen to his smooth lot. His uncle was interested in some matters at that time before the Legislature, and had found it necessary to go to Albany that afternoon. He had expressed a desire that his nephew should accompany him. Indeed, the man, always fond of the youth, seemed, these days, hardly to want him out of his sight. It would have seemed unpardonable selfishness on the part of Royle to refuse so slight a request to one to whom he owed everything, and who had exacted so little in return for all the love and care he had lavished. But this short journey was most unwelcome to Royle. The ardent young lover had made up his mind to acquaint his uncle that very evening after dinner with his engagement. Indeed, Royle would not feel quite easy until the man he loved, above all men, shared his knowledge and wished him joy of his love. And now this journey to Albany must not only delay the all-important disclosure and shorten his last interview with Genevieve, but prevent his seeing her at the last moment at the depot, to-morrow morning, before she left the city. It was very aggravating for a devoted young lover, especially for one who, like Royle, had had his own way all his life, so that the wonder was he was not altogether spoiled.

In his vexation, Royle had hinted that some affairs of his own would make the journey to the capital, at this time, particularly inconvenient, and his uncle, he thought, had seemed a little surprised or hurt at

his nephew's reluctance to accompany him. It was not strange. The elder could not imagine the younger had anything more important on hand than an engagement at the opera or a club-dinner. Of course, Royle could not explain matters at that time; and so it had ended in his consenting, for his uncle's sake, with apparent cordiality—to go.

All this Royle rapidly communicated to Genevieve—for the golden moments were precious—as they sat in the library. Royle was to join his uncle and to take the train late in the afternoon. He assured Genevieve that only a few days would elapse before he should seek her in that gray nest by the sea, which held a treasure to him more and dearer than all the palaces of the world; and then he said something else about another home which was to be in a little time. But I have already told you quite enough of their talk. The rest shall be sacred to themselves.

At last Royle drew from his pocket a small box of dark-veined malachite, dainty and beautiful enough to have been fashioned by Vulcan in some idle hour, when he paused from forging thunderbolts for Jupiter and making crowns and sceptres for the lesser gods. When Royle touched the spring, the lid flew back, and the light flashed up from a rather old-fashioned but choice circlet of small diamonds.

"It is the ring my father gave my mother," he said, "the day she promised him she would be his wife. Less than two days before she died—I was not seven years old at that time—she placed this box in my hand, told me its history and bade me keep it until I should place it on the hand of the woman who was dearest to me in all the world." And while Royle was talking, he slipped the circlet around Genevieve's finger, and the light leaped after it and flashed around her hand. Little, white, soft hand! It had never worn any diamonds before.

In a little while she was able to thank the giver; and afterward Royle had to slip the ring off, lest curious eyes should see it; and the truth he dragged out by eager, pitiless questions, when Genevieve, just on the point of leaving her relatives, would be least prepared to answer them. So he returned the diamonds to the box, which he placed in her hand, and Genevieve promised that she would put on the ring the day after her return home.

Oh, how that hour did fly to the pair in the library! How it did crawl to poor Jack waiting outside in the alcove, and resolving a dozen times that he would go off and leave other people to manage their own affairs, and yet never doing it.

But at last his long watch was over. The door opened, and Royle Darrow and Genevieve came out. Jack involuntarily drew back into the shade of the heavy draperies. He saw that Genevieve's face was all tremulous and aglow with a wonderful light. The boy thought she was more beautiful than she had ever been in her life before.

He saw, too, the fondness that shone in Royle's fine eyes before he spoke, taking Genevieve's hand in his: "I must go now, my darling; but the thought of this

blessed hour will be the heart and joy of all the other hours until we meet again."

As he said those words, Genevieve stood quite still. The flushed, tremulous face turned up to the young man suddenly grew bright with a strange, solemn radiance. Long afterward, looking back upon that time, it seemed to her that there must have been some prescience in the strange mood which came over her. A mystery of feeling, a mighty calm, a solemn joy, thrilled her whole being. She felt almost as one might who has passed suddenly into the stillness and remoteness of another life.

"Royle," she said, looking up at him with her calm, beautiful eyes, and laying her hand on his arm, while the sweet, familiar voice had a thrill in it no mortal ears had ever heard before, "I have given you my promise. I shall keep my word. Whatever the future may have in store for us, whatever may be coming to test the faith of either, I shall keep my word to you, to God—keep it to the last day of my life!"

The clear, ringing voice, the pale, radiant face, the solemn words themselves, gave to this speech the sacredness of a vow. Indeed, Genevieve almost wondered whether it was herself or another that was speaking. It seemed as though her soul had risen up within her, and, swayed by some mighty impulse, had spoken the word, had given the pledge, and was still again.

Royle Darrow gazed on her a moment in silence. This was a phase of Genevieve he had never seen. He was thrilled, awed by her words, and dazzled by the almost unearthly loveliness of her face. His voice shook when, a moment later, he took her hands in his.

"Did you think I needed that promise—that I could ever doubt your word, Genevieve?" he asked. Then, with bowed head, and with a voice that was like a prayer—for Genevieve's speech had lifted him into a rare, solemn mood—he said: "God—the God who has made you fair and lovely above all other women, and who has given you to me—keep you safely until I come again!"

There was not another instant to spare; he bent down, kissed her on eyes and lips and went away.

Genevieve turned towards the library. Her heart, like a rose, heavy with morning dews, was shaken with the burden of its very joy. She could not go down-stairs to face all those strangers, and join in the light talk and careless gossip of the drawing-room.

Jack Waldo had heard every word, seen every gesture which had taken place in the alcove. He could not help himself if he would. He had stood there breathless with wonder and amazement. The beauty and sentiment of the whole scene had stirred his boyish heart with some awe and delight which it had never known before.

Genevieve had almost reached the library again when she happened to glance up on one side and met Jack's black eyes staring on her from between the curtains.

She gave a little cry of dismay, then stood quite still; her cheeks grew very white with the sudden shock, and then flamed into scarlet with pain and anger.

For a moment Jack's heart seemed to stand still; the discovery was so sudden, the appearances so greatly against him. But the desire to rehabilitate himself in Genevieve's eyes brought back courage and voice. He came forward at once.

"I should have run away if I could," he said, in a tone and with a face whose frank honesty it would not be easy to doubt. "But you both came so suddenly out of the library, it was too late to rush anywhere."

"But how came you to be in the alcove?" asked Genevieve, still greatly fluttered and doubtful.

There was nothing for Jack to do now but make a clean breast of it, and explain what had brought him there; he bungled over it a good deal, as a boy naturally would.

"I met Mr. Darrow at the front-door; he asked only for you. I fancied he didn't want to see the others, and so I brought him up into the library, and then went after you, and—"

"Oh, I remember!" exclaimed Genevieve, her face breaking into sudden radiance. "And I owe all this unbroken interview to you?"

"Yes," answered Jack, with a flush of honest pride. "You and Royl Darrow would never have gotten in there, if it hadn't been for me. But you needn't suppose," continued the boy, now growing scarlet to his temples with honest indignation, as he remembered the reproach of Genevieve's first look and cry, "that I was hanging round here, like a confounded sneak, to spy out anything. I thought it might be awkward if anybody rushed in on you. I flattered myself, if I set about it, I could keep intruders off, by hook or by crook, so I turned into a sort of picket, and mounted guard behind the window-curtains, and saw, like Hamlet's Francisco, 'not a mouse stirring.'"

"You dear, dear Jack! you don't know what you have done for me!" exclaimed Genevieve, and in her surprise and gratitude she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I'm tremendously glad if I have!" said Jack, in a glow of relief and pleasure. "But I never did feel quite so much like a sneak as I did when you turned round and saw me behind the curtains. A fellow doesn't want to have that sensation more than once in his lifetime!" and he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head with a gravity that was amusing.

"Jack, you dear boy, come into the library with me!" said Genevieve, making up her mind on the instant.

Jack followed her obediently, and they sat down on the lounge, where a few moments before Royl Darrow had sat with Genevieve. The soft light shone now upon the young faces. Rows of books in rich bindings, in massive cases, with a few choice landscapes and engravings, and busts of great authors, covered the walls. Jack stared at his cousin with curious, pleased eyes. A great deal must have gone on before that

scene he had just witnessed in the library, and which had so impressed his boyish heart and imagination.

In a moment Genevieve spoke: "I am going to prove to you, Jack, what I think of the favor you have just done me, by telling you my secret."

Jack twirled his cap, and his black eyes shone, but he could not think of a word to say.

"Yesterday afternoon, when your family were all out, Royl Darrow called and took me to drive in the Park, and he asked me, and I have promised to—to be his wife?"

Jack bounded off the lounge. "Hurrah!" he shouted; "that is the best news I have heard this year. Royl Darrow is a splendid fellow; and you, Genevieve, you are the dearest girl in the world—the very pearl and rose of women! Oh! I want to break out in three cheers and a tiger!"

Genevieve laughed, while the tears shone in her eyes. Jack's boyish enthusiasm went to her heart more than a thousand elegant congratulations. It was a real comfort to have this boy, even, with whom she could share her joy.

The burden of her happy secret was almost more than her young heart could bear. She was so alone in the world—alone even in her joy. At home, her brother and sister were too young, and her aunt—kind and motherly as she was—too worn and narrowed by daily toil and household cares to enter fully into Genevieve's joy.

Her very affection would probably take the alarm when the engagement was first announced to her. She would very likely be troubled with doubts and fears regarding her niece's lover, a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she had no knowledge, while Genevieve was the apple of her eye.

But, with Jack, there were no drawbacks. His delight was as heartfelt as it was outspoken.

"To think what a splendid match you are to make, Genevieve!" he went on. "Why, there isn't a girl in all my sisters' elegant set who would not feel as proud to marry Royl Darrow as Cinderella did when she wed the prince! What a bomb-shell will go off down-stairs when they learn the news!"

"I must leave to-morrow morning, you know," said Genevieve. "We shall have company to dinner, and there will be no time to tell them. Had Royl not been called out of town so suddenly, I think he would have spoken to your father."

"If the girls knew, before they sailed, it would keep off seasickness," said Jack. "It would furnish them with an inexhaustible topic of conversation from Sandy Hook to Queenstown," and at that they both laughed merrily.

Then Genevieve opened the malachite box and showed Jack the diamond ring inside, and told him its history, all of which interested the boy vastly.

"Well, Genevieve," said the boy, in his blunt, honest fashion, "you have won the prize without trying for it. But you deserve it. Royl Darrow knew how to choose the best."

"O Jack, it frightens me to hear you say that!" re-

plied Genevieve, and there was no affectation in her speech.

"Well, Royl Darrow and I happen to be of one mind on that subject," laughed Jack.

That was the end of the talk. Voices outside were shouting for Genevieve, and saying that absurd Jack had just carried her off for the afternoon. But, boy as he was, she had not asked him to keep her secret, and he had given no promise. All the same she trusted him.

The next day Genevieve left for her home, and on the following week the Waldos sailed in the Scotia.

CHAPTER III.

ROYL DARROW and his Uncle Alvin were at the Delavan House. One of the wild storms of early March was raging outside. The wings of the mighty tempest struck fiercely at the windows. But the sound did not in the least interfere with the comfort of the two gentlemen seated together at their dinner in their private apartments that evening.

Everything about the two was as luxurious as possible. The brightest of fires glowed in the grate. The meats and the game had been served some time before, and the waiters had left the gentlemen alone with the fruit and the wine.

Alvan Darrow was a man of refined tastes and expensive habits. But his elegance was not of the ostentatious kind. At home he lived in handsome but quiet style. He had choice pictures and fine horses, and old china and plate. He never sat down to a dinner at his own table without flowers from his conservatory made a bank of glowing bloom and fragrance in the centre of the board; he never drank a glass of wine without first lifting it to the light and enjoying the sparkle of the amber, the red flaming of the crimson through the cut-glass. He took his coffee in a cup of rare *faience*, worth more than its weight in gold; and out of this, tradition said, Marie Antoinette had sipped her morning chocolate in the gay, happy days when she played that pretty masquerade of dairy-maid at Little Trianon.

A man of this type would be apt to be critical and fastidious. But although Alvin Darrow was this to a degree which only his intimate friends suspected, still there was a kindness and urbanity about the man which made him a favorite with all classes of people. He was a good deal of a scholar, and devoted much of his spare time to books, though he had never gone out of business.

The meal was over at last. It had struck Royl that his uncle was in an unusually gay mood to-night. His temper was naturally equable; but during the last year there had been some change in him which the younger man had tried to disguise to himself. The elder was absent, moody and a little inclined to be fault-finding and domineering with everybody except his idolized nephew.

Royl sometimes wondered whether his uncle was not growing old, though he was not sixty-five, and in

the erect gait, the bright, keen eyes, the dark hair, not yet heavily frosted with gray, there were as yet few signs of age.

But to-night the man's humor was of the pleasantest. Everything was going smoothly at the Legislature. He was by no means a lobbyist, but he was deeply interested in one or two bills which were certain to be carried through to-morrow. He had been talking over these matters, and relating some amusing incidents of the day during the dinner. But all the time there was an undercurrent in the elder man's thoughts as there was in the younger's. Each had made up his mind to impart a secret to the other that evening—a secret which was as the centre of life to himself. And outside the wind thundered, and the rain flapped her black wings fiercely at the windows.

There was a little silence in the talk between the two. The elder man pushed back his chair and regarded the other earnestly from under the straight, heavy line of his eyebrows. At that moment an observer could not have failed to be struck with the family likeness between the two men. It showed itself in the firm mould of the chin, in the clear lines of the face; but there the likeness ceased, for Royl's gray eyes and yellow-brown hair had come of his mother's race.

The elder Darrow was a rather spare, medium-sized man, with a dignified and courteous presence. His gray beard became his handsome face. There was something about the man which would have made you turn and look at him in a crowd.

At last Royl looked up—he had been in a brown study for several minutes, not even tasting the banana which he had been absently peeling—and meeting the other's eyes with that intent look in them, he exclaimed: "Uncle Alvin, you have something to say to me?"

"You are right, my boy; I have something to say to you." He spoke in a slow, impressive tone, and he took up the small glass of sherry at his plate, and held it in the light, where every drop of the bright amber sparkled afresh; but he did not see it; he was thinking how to begin the talk. He had never until to-night thought twice before speaking to Royl. It was more curious still, because the subject which he was now approaching had not been out of his thought for months.

Royl, too, had something to say to his uncle to-night; he had been saying it for the last three days to himself; but there had been no chance for a private talk. The elder man had been occupied with committees, and members, and numerous acquaintances; and the only film of cloud that ever rose over the sky of Royl's joy these days was the thought that he had not told his uncle. Not that he had any real misgivings on the subject. Of course, he reasoned, the news of his engagement would take his uncle immensely by surprise. Royl must not expect that he would be very cordial at first. His fears would probably take the alarm lest his nephew had acted on a rash, romantic impulse; he would have a great

many critical questions to ask regarding the lady who had so suddenly won the heart of his nephew.

But Royl was brave and strong enough for anything. He meant to pour out heart and soul to his uncle to-night. He would tell Genevieve's pathetic story—as those sweet lips had first told it to himself. He knew his uncle's heart. Had he not proved it—a thousand times—it would be touched by that tale. Royl knew better than anybody else the old man's innate pride and prejudices; a penniless orphan from an obscure home, whose whole life had been cramped and starved by poverty, could not be the sort of wife which Alvin Darrow's love and ambition would have desired for his nephew.

So much Royl admitted to himself. But he believed his uncle one of the noblest of men. His prejudices would yield when he saw how Royl's happiness was at stake, and he had only to know Genevieve to have her walk straight into that large heart.

After this fashion the young lover had reasoned during these three days in which one face had glimmered before him wherever he wandered around the streets of the old city, and followed him into his dreams, and thrilled the nights with the joy of the days.

He had, too, the loveliest fancies about Genevieve. He saw her in a little while a graceful and harmonious presence in their home, the young mistress of all the refined elegance that surrounded her; the supreme joy of her husband's heart; the comfort and gladness of his uncle's. So Royl seemed to walk on air these days. On each of them he wrote to Genevieve, and each letter was filled with the passion of his heart, with the dreams and hopes of his future!

All through the dinner, and the pleasant talk on both sides, Royl had been telling himself that the time had come now; as soon as the meal was over and the waiters had left the two to themselves, he would speak.

It was singular that Royl had been just on the point of opening his lips when his uncle made that remark. Something in the tone or manner of the elder struck him, for he waited silently.

Alvin Darrow put down his glass and gazed at his nephew; the grave, searching glance from those keen, gray eyes was not unmingled with tenderness, but there was something in the look which implied a little uncertainty—if it had been any other person than Royl, you might have thought the man was trying to take the measure of his companion before he opened the subject he had in hand. He suddenly started up. Two large easy-chairs had been drawn in front of the glowing coals.

"Let us sit down here," said the elder. "A grate-fire, like that, should always make the foreground of a confidential talk. I think this weather has given me a touch of rheumatism, my boy. I fear, one of these days, my old bones will get stiff, and I shall be a

'Lame Vulcan laboring o'er the palace-floor,'

and you can have your fun out of me, you young rascal, as the gods did out of him."

He spoke in the light, rallying tone which he so often used to his nephew. The two were always having their jesting-tilts together, and loving each other all the better for them.

Royl laughed. "I shall have my revenge then, at last, for the dark game you played me the day I was a youngster of fifteen, and you brought me home Racer for a birthday present; and I was in a seventh heaven of joy until you got me on the mare's back, and mounted your own gray. Do you remember what a mad race of ten miles that brace of quadrupeds took us? Ugh! how my young bones did ache the rest of that day! I think yours, or your conscience, must have given you some twinges. I've owed you a grudge for that gallop these ten years, sir!"

The elder man laughed heartily and stroked his white hands. "You held out true game, Royl!" he said. "You sat the mare splendidly! How the two creatures kept abreast with wide nostrils and flaming eyes! It was like that old historic gallop from Ghent to Aix. Ours was no heroic errand, though. We bore no good news; we had no grand old city at her last gasp to save. I was simply bent on treating your young muscles to a thorough seasoning on the new mare's back."

At this point the two sat down together. How the storm howled and raged outside! How the red coals glowed and the little violet wreaths of flame quivered among them.

Something happened that night which made the two remember these things all their lives. In this light talk—a mere fencing-match of wits—did either have any vague instinct that a mighty struggle was at hand? Did either have any prescience of the wrestle that was to come that night, when the will, the purpose, the manhood of one or the other may prove the stronger? In after-days, looking back on that night, each often asked this question of himself, but never of the other.

"Uncle Alvin," said Royl, breaking the silence, which had fallen again, "I, too, have a secret to tell you to-night; it is about—about a woman!"

The man turned at those words and gazed at his nephew, but there was a strange, absent look in his eyes—on his whole face. Royl saw that his uncle had not heard a word he had been saying.

"Royl," he said, in a low, solemn voice, taking no notice of his nephew's speech, "I have tried to be a good friend to you—I have made it the great aim of my life that you should be happy, my boy."

The tone, the words touched Royl inexpressibly.

"I know you have, Uncle Al," he said, with an unusual softness in the clear, manly quality of his voice. His heart had been tenderer than ever towards his uncle these last days. The love for one woman seemed to have enlarged and intensified his whole nature. All his relations to his kind had acquired a new depth and sacredness in his thought and feelings. I cannot conceive of a true love having any other effect on a man.

"I can never," continued Royl, "utter what I owe to

you. From the moment I came to your door, a lonely, friendless little orphan, no boy ever had a kinder friend, a tenderer father than I have found in you. I have been thinking a great deal about these things of late, and that I have been a sort of ungrateful scapegrace, Uncle Al."

The uncle looked at his nephew with eyes that shone with pride and tenderness.

"No, Royle," he said, "God knows you have been the joy of my heart ever since that morning when they brought you to me straight from the sailing-vessel with the letter of your dead father in your hands. What a handsome little rogue you were just then, despite the long, hard voyage, the sailors' rough care and the seasickness! How sturdily you carried your head, and how you looked at me with your solemn eyes, as though you would read my soul with your childish wits. And from that hour I loved you better than anything in the world, Royle. There was wide room in my heart. My wife and my girls had gone, and I had not a near relative on earth but you. From that hour, my boy, you have been everything to me."

"I've been a selfish scamp, Uncle Al," said Royle, smitten with a sudden, remorseful tenderness.

"No, Royle, you have been all that I would have asked my own son to be to me," answered the elder. "And I—I have lived for you. If I have not made you happy, if I have known a wish of yours that I have not tried to gratify, let me know, Royle."

"Not one," replied the younger. "You've done your best to spoil me, Uncle Al."

"I think I have not been a very hard guardian," continued the elder man, softly. "I believe I have not been exacting on my part. I always said to myself, 'The boy's happiness shall not be sacrificed to an old man and his whims.' Whether I have done much or little for you, Royle, I have not asked largely in turn."

"You have asked nothing, Uncle Alvin. I have taken all your generosity as I have taken the air or the sunlight. And I have done nothing for you in return."

With a nature like Royle's, some such speech was sure to be the outcome of this talk.

"You have done more than you know. But we will not discuss that now. If you knew there was anything, Royle, on which I had set my whole heart and soul, would you try to bring that thing to pass?"

Royle drew a long breath. His uncle had asked the question very earnestly.

"Words are cheap things," he replied. "Uncle Alvin, do you believe there is anything in the world which you could ask of me, and I could do, where I should fail you?"

"Then I will ask it. I want you to let me choose you a wife, Royle."

If he had asked the young fellow to stand up that moment and be shot for him, I doubt whether Royle's face could have turned suddenly whiter. He stared at his uncle a moment in speechless consternation,

then he burst out: "O Uncle Alvin, ask anything but that—anything but that!"

The uncle, in turn, stared at his nephew in dumb amazement. In a moment he found voice to exclaim: "What is the meaning of all this, Royle! You look as though I had sentenced you to axe and block! Is the suggestion of matrimony, then, such a horror to you—you a gallant young fellow of twenty-five?"

"No, it is not that, Uncle Al," answered Royle; and then he was silent a moment, thinking it was best to come out with the whole truth at once.

But the elder man had not the dimmest conception of what was passing in the younger's mind.

"Did you imagine, Royle, after all the time you have known me," he asked, in a tone half-indignant, half-remonstrant, "that I should want to marry you to some veiled horror, some ancient wisened dame, some beautiful Medusa? Upon my word, one would think as much from your face!"

Royle opened his lips to speak, but his uncle made an imperious gesture, and continued: "No, don't speak yet. Hear what I have to say, and get that look off your face. The woman whom I have chosen for you, Royle, is one after your own heart. She is young, beautiful, accomplished enough to satisfy even your exacting tastes. If she were not all that man can most desire in woman, I should not wish to see her your wife or my niece."

"But, uncle," broke in Royle, desperately, "if she were all you say, and an angel to boot, and I did not love her—"

"You could not marry her, you would say!" exclaimed his uncle, taking the words out of Royle's mouth. "That conclusion does you honor. At twenty-five, I would not have you speak otherwise; but, my dear boy, I have had, of late, a growing suspicion that you were in love already, and with the very lady of whom I am talking."

"Already!" repeated Royle, utterly confounded now, and a deep flush rose into his face.

"Yes; for I see you do not suspect it is of Ashley Brier that I have been speaking."

As he uttered that name, Alvin Darrow leaned forward, his keen eyes dilated, and he stared with breathless intentness at his nephew. But the name did not produce the effect for which the man so eagerly watched.

Ashley Brier was a beautiful creature, the daughter and sole heiress of an old college classmate and business friend of Royle's uncle. The young people had, through the relations of their elders, been thrown a good deal together, and each heartily admired the other.

Perhaps Royle's admiration would have deepened into a warmer feeling if Genevieve Weir's fair face had not shone in his way and spoiled—more than he knew.

But the light for which his uncle so passionately watched and waited did not come into Royle's eyes at the mention of Ashley Brier's name; and the elder man's features grew dark and sharp with a disappointment which made him look twenty years older.

"O Royle!" he cried out, suddenly, like a man smitten by some terrible blow, "it has been the dream and the hope of my life. Do not disappoint it!"

The voice was like the voice of a man who pleads for his life. Royle could hardly believe that those were his uncle's tones. But, through all his blind pain and bewilderment, one feeling was uppermost—and that was, his duty to speak at once, to tell the whole truth.

He leaned forward; he looked straight in the elder man's eyes.

"Uncle Alvin," he said, "I cannot marry Ashley Brier, because I am engaged to another woman!"

At those words the elder sprang to his feet; his whole frame shook; the gray eyes shot out a flame.

"It is a lie—it must be a lie you are telling me, Royle!" exclaimed he, in a voice low and hoarse with passion.

Royle rose up. It would be difficult to say which face was the whiter. The accusation from those lips had stung the proud, sensitive young man to the quick; but he managed to control himself enough to ask, calmly: "Have I ever told you an untruth, Uncle Alvin?"

"Who is she? What is her name?" demanded the other, in a wild sort of way, taking no notice of his nephew's question.

"Genevieve Weir. She is a niece of your old friend, Josiah Waldo. I met her first at his house, this winter."

"Genevieve Weir!" repeated the elder, and wrath and pain made his tones almost a hiss, and then he hurled an oath after that beloved name.

The sound smote like a bolt to Royle's heart. In all his life before he had never heard his uncle utter an oath, and now he coupled it with the name dearest on earth. The strong young man sat down with a dreadful sickness at his heart.

In the silence that followed, Alvin Darrow sat and stared at his nephew. At last he put his hand to his head in a wearied, dazed way. Royle saw it, and his soul was moved with a great pity. His uncle had not been himself that evening, he thought. He was always so courteous, so kindly, so thoroughly master of himself, that he would never have given way to this excitement if nerve and strength had not suddenly broken down. Royle was glad enough to seize at this reasoning, and it brought back all his old tenderness for his uncle. He leaned forward and took the old man's hand in both of his, and said: "Let me tell you the whole truth, uncle."

The old man made him a sign to proceed, and in the next half hour Royle had the talking all to himself, while his uncle learned the whole story of his engagement to Genevieve Weir.

Royle opened his heart so completely; he talked in such a brave, honest way of his love and of what Genevieve Weir had come to be in his heart and his life, that any man or woman not quite world-hardened must have been touched listening to the story. But he did not succeed in moving his uncle. It is true, the man seemed to have regained his self-control, in

a measure, and there were no more outbreaks of passion on his part.

But what followed was even harder for Royle to bear. His uncle persisted in regarding his nephew's engagement as a rash, absurd, and altogether indefensible proceeding. Its very haste, he argued, proved its thoughtlessness and folly. Young men of Royle's age, he admitted, were likely to be carried away by some romantic impulse of that sort, and the only hope for them was, that reason and good sense would come to the rescue before their lives were spoiled. He intimated, too, that Genevieve Weir must have been an artful young person, or she could not so easily have fascinated his high-souled nephew, and drawn him into her toils. Certain it was, that a young woman who could enter so precipitately into a secret engagement was not the sort of person Alvin Darrow would desire to see the wife of his nephew.

All this talk was gall and wormwood to Royle. Remembering who it was spoke, he bore the torture and held down the fierce temper that rose hot and panting to his lips, and only defended his lady like a true knight; yet his uncle seemed at times to have the best of the argument.

He entreated the younger man to break his engagement. Under the circumstances, he insisted it could not be binding on Royle, and here the man brought all his eloquence, all the power of his influence, and the memories of a lifetime of love and devotion to bear on his nephew.

"I have never asked anything of you, my boy," he said, sadly and tenderly. "Do not, therefore, refuse me this time. My heart and soul are set on this matter. Have I not earned the right to ask so much? Must all the years of my love and care go for nothing? Will you not make one sacrifice for me, Royle?"

It was hard for the young man to hear that voice plead in this way. The bitter tears came into his bright eyes and fell over his proud, young face.

"Uncle Alvin," he said, and if his voice shook at first, it grew steady at the last, "if it were my life you were asking of me, I believe I should freely give it to you, remembering all I owe you, all you have been to me. But you are asking now to sacrifice my honor. I cannot be false to the woman I love—I cannot break my word to Genevieve Weir!"

As he said these words in a kind of white-heat of pain and resolve, Royle rose up. The tall figure stood at its full height; the pale, handsome face shone with inward truth and nobleness—he had never looked so grand before in all his life.

His uncle, sitting in the chair, gazed up at him. So many feelings mingled in that gaze which Royle could not understand. The man shook his head in a sad, dazed sort of a way.

"Honor! honor!" he muttered, and a bitter smile was about his gray beard, and a dark look was on his face; and, at last, Royle sat down.

The men talked until long after midnight, and outside the storm kept on its wild way. In vain his uncle reasoned and pleaded. Royle had been tortured and agonized, but he had not yielded. You might

have thought there was, after all, the stuff of which martyrs are made in the careless young fellow.

At last the two men separated, bidding each other good-night in their old fashion.

Royl went up to his apartments; but not to sleep. It had been the most miserable night of his life. All the time Royl's heart was torn with pity for his uncle. He was full of alarm, too, about the old man's condition. He had not said one harsh or unkind word to him during all their talk.

But Royl's misery would not have been lessened if he could have looked into the room and seen his uncle after he left it.

The old man sat a long while before the grate-fire absorbed in thought, while the shadow and the wretchedness deepened on his face; and at times a wild fear shone in his eyes, and he would glance around the room with a terror that was dreadful to see on the refined, agreeable features of Alvin Darrow. What could that man be afraid of?

At last he rose up, went to his sleeping-room, opened a small drawer in his dressing-bureau and drew out a box. When he opened it, a small revolver gleamed inside. The man's eyes glared at it; he laughed a little, hard, triumphant laugh to himself.

"If the boy holds on like this, if neither prayers, or arguments, or any device of mine can bring him to yield, and if the worst comes, I can make a swift end of it with this," he said. "It will all have to come out then; and you will see, my boy, why I was bent on this marriage, and that I did all as much to save you as myself.

"My poor boy! I have hurt you terribly to-night; but it would hurt you worse, it would bring down that proud young head of yours to the dust to know—to know!" and again that swift, scared gleam shot into his eyes.

"But the time hasn't come to use you yet," he muttered. "It seems as though this—this business, would break me down; but I must sleep and keep my brain clear and my nerves steady, and see what can be done, and hold myself to the doing of it remorselessly."

He closed the box after he had said these words, and put it back into the drawer. It was long past his bed-time.

(To be continued.)

THERE has long been a popular belief in "good luck;" but, like many other notions, it is gradually giving way. The conviction is extending that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be proportionate to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not make the proper effort to secure them.

WHEN ill reports are spread of you, live so as that nobody may believe them.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE summer of 18— found Mr. and Mrs. Lane quietly settled in their pretty, picturesque cottage at Wilton, on the shores of Emerald Lake. Their household numbered two more than on previous seasons—Mrs. Ward, whom she engaged as seamstress, and her three-year-old boy, a bright, merry little fellow, with light golden ringlets and deep blue eyes, who was in danger of being spoiled by them all before he had been a month in the house.

Poor Mrs. Ward! As she sat day after day at the only window of the drawing-room, which commanded no view of the long, sunlit reach of water flashing up the sandy beach, her pale face bent over her work, or raised at the approach of her little one, with a wistful smile almost sadder than tears—the memory of her sudden and terrible bereavement of nearly two years before was as fresh in Mrs. Lane's mind as an occurrence of yesterday. It seemed to her that she could see Mrs. Ward, as on that night of storm, when the little lake, now softly translucent as the jewel from which it derived its name, was changed to a huge chaldron full of seething foam, bubbling and hissing as if from fathomless depths, hurrying up and down the shore, her long cloak drenched with spray and streaming in the wind, her white face with its strained eyes visible in the continuous glare of the lightning, and her piteous voice ringing out in the pauses of the tempest, in vain calls on her husband's name. But, though with the morning light peace descended upon the troubled elements, no tidings came of the little boat, which, only twenty-four hours before, had swung merrily from the landing in obedience to Ward's sturdy oar.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane strove to comfort the poor wife with the hope that, overtaken by the storm before he was aware, her husband had sought refuge upon the opposite shore; but as the long day wore on, and the second night approached, all expectation died in her heart.

During the succeeding days, while sympathizing neighbors searched vainly for the body of the missing man, her self-control was something wonderful. Tearless and uncomplaining, only her tight-shut lips and the unnatural brightness of her eyes revealing her suffering, she would pace for hours along the water's edge, with her baby pressed to her bosom. But the vain quest once over, she relapsed into a faded semblance of herself, patient still, but seeming to have renounced her own individuality, and to exist only in the life of her child.

Accustomed as Mrs. Lane had grown to her unvarying quietness of mien, she was surprised one morning to see her enter the breakfast-room with a hot flush on her cheek, and in her eyes the restless glitter which she remembered so well as accompanying the old days of tension and suspense. She played nervously with her spoon and fork, but scarcely tasted a mouthful. Mrs. Lane wished to ask if she were ill, but some undefined sense of delicacy restrained the words upon her lips. When the meal

was over, she took up her sewing, as usual; but it was evident that she could not fasten her attention upon her work. At last, she rose quickly, tied a straw hat over Bertie's bright curls, and bade him go play upon the lawn—then she threw herself upon a hassock at Mrs. Lane's feet, and buried her face in her lap.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Lane, tenderly, smoothing the poor, girlish head with her hand.

"You will think me wild, Mrs. Lane," cried Mrs. Ward; "but, indeed, I cannot help it; and I have had such a dreadful night! All night I seemed to hear my husband's voice calling me; and this morning—God help me!—I cannot feel that he is dead. My brain is turning, and yet what—oh, what can I do?"

Mrs. Lane was so startled by her energy, that she unwittingly replied in a way least likely to give her any comfort.

"My poor child!" she said, "you are ill, and over-worked. Strange fancies often come to me, too, on wakeful nights. You must lie down and try to rest."

Mrs. Ward lifted her head wearily, the momentary ebullition over, and the old, suffering expression came back again.

"I cannot rest," she said; "and it was no fancy. But, of course, you could not know!" she added, in a low, thrilling voice, as if speaking more to herself than to Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Ward arose and resumed her work resolutely, resisting all Mrs. Lane's efforts that she should rest, and evidently shrinking from any further conversation.

Mrs. Lane's heart was pained, the next morning, at discovering the deep lines about her eyes, which testified to another sleepless night. The fever-spots still burned on her cheek, she ate nothing, and before evening of the second day Mrs. Lane began to be seriously alarmed, and to debate the propriety of sending privately for a physician.

They both sat together in silence, after little Bertie had been put to sleep, when a sudden, sharp ring at the door-bell sent its clashing vibrations through the house.

Mrs. Ward started to her feet, her slender figure drawn to its full height and bent slightly forward, her face set and intense in the lamplight, her right hand raised—indeed, her whole frame impressed one, on the instant, as an embodiment of the single sense of hearing. It could scarcely have been a minute, although it seemed many, when they heard the servant-girl opening the door, and a rough, but kindly voice came to them through the passage-way: "I was told that Mrs. Herbert Ward lived here. Can I speak to her?"

Mrs. Ward sprang past Mrs. Lane with a cry, before she had time to speak, and then she followed on more slowly to the door. A man stood there, dusty and travel-worn.

"What do you want to say to me?" gasped Mrs. Ward. "Is it—is it anything about my husband?"

"Well, it is—that's so!" said the man, drawing a long breath. If he had meant to break his message

to her slowly, and had been at a loss how to do it best, he was quite relieved now. The fewer and more direct his words could be, certainly the better for her.

"I've come from Camp Fearless, out in the pine woods. Herbert Ward's there, sick of a brain fever. He hired out with us nigh on to eighteen months ago—a lonesome sort of chap. The boys used to pity him. We did not know as he had kith or kin above ground. Ten days ago he took sick. He lay sort of stupid at first; but two nights ago"—for the first time Mrs. Ward's fixed gaze turned from the man's face to Mrs. Lane's—"two nights ago, as I was watching him, he roused up quite natural, and called for 'Edith.'"

"What do you mean, Herbert?" says I.

"Why, Edith—my wife!" says he. "Isn't she here?"

"I didn't know what to say, for fear of setting him worse again."

"She'll come, by and by, I reckon," said I.

"He looked hard at me, and then he clapped his hand to his head and shut his eyes, and lay still for half an hour, or thereabouts. All at once he called me again."

"I know, now, Will," says he, "but I am too weak to talk—it hurts me. But, O Will, won't you go to Wilton—she must be there—and bring my wife to me?"

"I couldn't answer, for I thought—begging your pardon, ma'am—that a man as had given his wife the go-by for a year and a half, or more, did not deserve to have her come all the way through the woods to him now. But, the more I tried to put him off, the harder he begged, till, blame me, if I could stand it any longer! So I says, 'I'm a stranger to her, maybe she won't come with me.' He smiled sort o' queer at that, and, says he: 'Come—my Edith, come? Don't be afraid!'

"So, at break of day, I started; I rode forty miles to the nearest railroad station, and here I am!"

Mrs. Ward neither wept nor fainted, but she sank on her knees and covered the man's hard hand with kisses.

"There, there, don't, poor thing!" he said, trying to draw it from her, with a pitiful, wondering glance at her black dress.

Mrs. Lane raised her gently, reminded her of her visitor's need of rest and refreshment, and when she begged eagerly to be permitted herself to prepare supper for him, she gave a ready consent. Mr. and Mrs. Lane had no heart to enter a word of protest against the strange journey; they could only arrange that little Bertie should be left with them, and provide an experienced nurse to accompany Mrs. Ward.

After the necessary preparations, in which the first hours of the night were spent, Mrs. Ward lay down beside her sleeping boy, and rested as peacefully as he. At early morning she set out with her strange escort. She seemed endued with supernatural vitality; all traces of weariness had vanished from her face, and in her voice there was a thrill of victory. Despite all Mr. and Mrs. Lane's misgivings, they

could but catch the infection of her courageous spirit, and they bade the little company a hopeful farewell.

In consequence of the imperfect postal communication between Camp Fearless and the outside world, they heard from Mrs. Ward but twice during her absence of four weeks. Her first letter informed them of her safe arrival, and her husband's rapidly improving health; the second designated the day of their return to Wilton, and begged that a room might be ready for them in the village inn. To this request they responded by sending a carriage for them to the station and bringing them directly to their own house.

Some cruel rumors had been flying about among the villagers, nobody seeming quite willing to forgive Herbert Ward for coming home safe, after all, instead of lying a drowned skeleton among the sand and rushes of Emerald Lake. But the most eager scandal-monger of them all must have melted to see him take his child from its mother's arms. It was a scene to be remembered, not described.

The history, so far as he could impart it, of those strange months, we will give in his words, as nearly as possible, premising that he was a man of good mental capacity, foreman in a considerable manufacturing establishment, and had always borne an unblemished reputation. It but furnishes a parallel to the many other unaccountable but well-authenticated cases which have engaged the attention and research of physicians and mental philosophers.

"I remember well," said Mr. Ward, "with what joyous, boyish light-heartedness I set off for my day's rowing and fishing. It was not often that I gave myself a holiday; but that morning the workmen were busy repairing the great wheel, and there was little I could do in the mill. So I thought I would bring back, as well as I could, one day of the old time when I was a little shaver down on Cape Cod, and led a sort of amphibious life between land and water.

"I fastened my trolling-lines, and struck out towards the middle of the lake; but after paddling about for two or three hours, with little success, I concluded, as I had my gun with me, to cross over and see what game I could find in the thick woods that skirted the opposite shore. I drew my boat up a little sandy shelf, meaning to follow a narrow ravine which led around the precipitous bluff; but, changing my mind, I undertook to climb up the rocky wall. Suddenly my fingers slipped; I caught hold of a root projecting from a crevice, but it gave way in my grasp, and a large stone was loosened from above and fell on my head.

"You may find it hard to believe, but I remember nothing more until I found myself in Camp Fearless. Yet, as my comrades tell me that I did not reach that place before late in September, some two months must have passed between the date of my injury and my arrival there. I said I remember *nothing*—perhaps I should qualify the statement a little. Until very recently, I have been unable to recall a single impression; but I now have occasionally a set of confused images floating through my mind—strange towns and places, unfamiliar thoroughfares, and a

sense of rapid traveling as if by rail. Certain it is, that, although the whole of my quarter's wages were in my pocket when I left home, I had scarcely enough to pay for a night's lodging when I came into the camp.

"Then follows a period which I can now recall with more or less distinctness, when all my powers of reflection seemed totally paralyzed. I must have remained in this state for many months, without a single memory of the past, or one thought beyond the present. Yet I had given my name correctly; I attended to my daily work, and behaved myself so as to gain nothing worse than a peculiar repugnance to conversation. The men tell me that, after having repeatedly tried in vain to call me out, they came by common consent to let me alone. At last an incident occurred which so far aroused my torpid faculties as to give me the capacity of suffering.

"It was after working-hours, and a supply-wagon had just come in, bringing the mail. Those that had been fortunate enough to receive letters were eagerly reading them. It seems strange, but I do not remember of ever having wondered that no message came for me. I stepped outside of the cabin-door, and there I saw one of the men sitting on a log, with his face in his hands, and shaking all over with heavy sobs. An open letter was on the ground beside him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"She's dead—my dear old mother!" he answered, with a fresh burst of tears and grief. "I'd calculated all along on going home after this one year more, and staying with her while she lived—but it's too late, too late!"

"You know a great trouble makes some people talkative. It was so with this man. He took me by the sleeve and made me sit down by him on the log, while he told me the whole story of his childhood, how his mother had been left a widow, how hard she had worked for her children, how proud she had been of him, her only boy, and a great deal more which I need not repeat here.

"I listened quietly enough, but my brain seemed all on fire. It occurred to me for the first time that I myself remembered nothing, that I did not even know if I ever had a mother or a home.

"I looked at myself from head to foot. I was a man, stout and full-grown, yet I could not recollect that I had ever been a boy, and a great deal more which I need not repeat here.

"From that time began a state of mental anguish which I cannot describe. Still silent as ever, I told my troubles to no one, but day after day, at work or at rest, I struggled in vain to pierce the darkness and uncertainty which shut me in. At intervals, especially on waking suddenly, I seemed just about to grasp the knowledge I longed for; but it always eluded me, and left me more wretched than ever. I was like the soul of a man shut up in the body of the plant. I found out by guarded questions—for I had regained some power of calculating results—that the men knew nothing about me but my name. My name! How I clung to it; how I pondered it over

and over, in the vain hope of awakening some associations connected with my past life!

"This distress of mind was, doubtless, the cause of the attacks of pain—disorder—in the progress of which my memory was so strangely restored. From the night I awoke, calling my wife's name, everything previous to my disappearance from home was perfectly clear to me. Oh, how my heart yearned for my wife, bereaved, as she must have believed herself to be, and for the little child which had just begun to lisp my name so long before!

"The doubt on my friend Jack's honest face made no impression on me, for I knew that my Edith would never, for a single moment, believe that I had willfully forsaken her. So, it was no surprise when she came to me—my darling, who would trust me against the world—sick, in that rough cabin, in the depths of the pine woods, with only the men's hands, kind but awkward, to tend me.

"But I cannot talk about that. If ever we see the 'new heaven and the new earth,' we will hardly stop to think about our own feelings. It is just so with me; I have had a resurrection—only an earthly one, to be sure—but I'm just glad to be here."

MINNIE E. LOMBARD.

SPURS FOR THE LAGGING.

SOUL, why sit you sighing,
 "It is late—too late?"
 Better far be trying
 Chances that still wait.
 Cease from weak repining;
 What good comes from whining?
 Set your light a-shining,
 Face and conquer Fate!
 Soul, arouse and banish
 All your brood of woes;
 Strike, and they will vanish,
 Whither, no man knows!
 Have no thought of failing—
 Doubt, and fear, and quailing,
 Trembling and bewailing
 Will not vanquish foes!

Soul, be up and doing,
 In the glow of day;
 With high aim pursuing
 Your appointed way.
 Patient and enduring,
 Dead to Sin's alluring,
 Strong in Faith's assuring,
 Pressing on for aye.

Soul, be brave and steady;
 Hands, be firm and true,
 Restless, reaching, ready
 For the work to do!
 There are fruits for growing,
 Gifts for Love's bestowing,
 Fields that wait the sowing,
 Seed that you must strew!

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM, AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN."

CHAPTER IV.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SO ended the honey-moon, and life took on its soberer hues. How often, now, did Archie Lester find the words, "A spirit and a woman, too," repeating themselves in his thoughts; for, was it not becoming clearer and clearer to him every day that the woman was stronger in his pretty, little wife than the angel? And, then, as a woman, she was so sensitive, so frail, so easily hurt. He was always hurting her in one way or another—always saying or doing something that brought tears to her eyes, or a quiver to her lips.

"You foolish little thing!" How often did he utter this ejaculation as he took the wee darling in his arms, and held her tearful face against his bosom, where she would sob herself into stillness. Then he would speak loving words, and tell her that she was the sweetest and dearest little wife in the world; and then the sunshine would come back into her face, but with a diminished brightness that was felt rather than noticed by her husband.

Was she a foolish little thing? Was it wrong for her to let every impatient word, every trifling reproof, every bit of fault-finding, send the moisture to her eyes? Archie loved her; and did she not love him, oh! so deeply and so truly? Half-awakening into the new life that was opening before her, she pondered all this in her heart. How weak, and ignorant, and helpless she felt! This strong, self-poised, self-asserting husband, who had once been so tender and deferential; who had once made her will his law; who had never seen a blemish in her beauty, her speech or her conduct, but everything to praise and to admire, looked at her now with critical eyes; set up his will as law, and if she ventured to oppose him in anything, or to have her own way when they did not see alike, bore her down with an almost imperious hand.

Sadly and soberly did the child-wife ponder all this in her heart, and in her bewilderment seek to find the path of love and duty. She was not strong enough for a contest when she felt her rights invaded, even if love and duty had not forbidden. Already she was learning that self-protection, on her part, would be considered an aggression, and punished as a marital offense. She must fold, like the lily, all her sweetness up—drop into his bosom, and be lost in him—or feel the chill, and rain, and gusty passion of the outer world! Ah, how beautiful all this being "lost in him," seemed to Rose once, in the days of poetry and romance; but now, as the waters were beginning to close over her; as her own life was being borne down and suffocated, there fell upon her soul a

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

darkness and a fear, and her heart sent up a bitter cry.

But, no, her life could not be lost in his. That was impossible. It was her own life—the gift of God—her very self; and could not be absorbed by another. Into her darkness and fear this truth broke, and its light fell close to her hesitating feet and showed her a way in which she could walk. It was a narrow and difficult way, and broken and withered flowers lay scattered on either side; but she must take it, or beat herself to death in a fruitless effort to scale the rocky walls which had closed around her.

So this fragile, sensitive, child-woman, moved by an instinct of danger, began to hide herself from her husband, and to keep her true inner life as far as possible out of the reach of his iron hand and crushing heel. She studied his tastes and sentiments, noted the things that ruffled his feelings or chafed his temper, held her own wishes and preferences subordinate to his, and in all things, so far as in her lay, made herself the servant of his will and pleasure. If he criticised her dress, or made light of her sentiments, she kept the hurt of his disapproval from revealing itself in deepening color or moistening eyes, and made it her care in the future to protect herself from assault in the same direction. If, in some happy moment, when she was living in the sunshine of his smiles and caresses, she forgot to be on guard, and let the free woman that was hiding out of sight stand fronting her husband's changing eyes, she drew the veil so quickly that the frown she had seen forming in them faded away and became lost in gentle approval.

It was better so; at least for this weak and tender one—better self-protection than fierce battle or death. It was not good for the self-absorbed young husband to find in his wife the yielding, self-abnegating, compliant creature he found in his Rose. A woman with a stronger nature and a more resolute will would have asserted her true self and stood by his side as his equal whether he said yea or nay, and he would have had a stormy or a sunshiny life, just as he chose to take it.

Not a jot or tittle of the truth was hidden from the keen sight of Mrs. Loring, who saw how the shadow of this strong, overbearing man was falling into the life of her niece. What was her duty in the case? Could she protect the dear child? Ah, how soberly and sorrowfully did she ponder these questions! A few times had she ventured a word of remonstrance, or taken the side of Rose in some little contest with her husband; but she was quick to see the repressed annoyance with which her interference was met. And so she deemed it best to hold her peace; yet, she was not always able to keep back from her lips the words that so often pressed for utterance.

Strong feelings and earnest thoughts, even though held away from speech, make an impression on those with whom we are in daily contact through the interpenetration of spheres. Then the eye will often betray what the lips conceal. Archie Lester knew by unmistakable signs and impressions that Mrs. Loring

did not regard him with any special favor. He felt a certain coldness and repulsion whenever he came into her presence that found steady increase.

This was not to be endured. Whatever was unpleasant or disagreeable to Lester, he generally set himself to remove, and that with as small delay as possible. He had caught his beautiful bird, and now he would have his own gilded cage. He had meant to have the cage before the bird was in hand, but Mrs. Loring's will and word had been too strong for him. His will and word must prevail now. If the aunt had been able to keep a mask over her face, and sweet sentences always on her lips, Lester, in view of the fact that housekeeping was going to tax his income severely, to say nothing of the debt that would be incurred ere the furnishing was completed, might have taken counsel of prudence, and been content to let his beautiful flower remain for awhile longer in the genial atmosphere and soft earth in which he had found it growing. But this was impossible. For, day by day, Mrs. Loring saw deeper and deeper into the character and disposition of the young husband; and she could not, in occasional moments of forgetfulness, help looking, and even speaking, her real sentiments in regard to his way of treating his wife.

All this was felt as a narrow and captious interference, and wholly unwarranted; as if he didn't know how to treat his darling little rose-bud—his white lily—his bird of beauty! For the real truth of things was hidden from his dull vision. In the tears that shone now and then in her soft blue eyes, he oftener saw rainbows than signs of grief; and smiles chased the shadows so quickly from her lips, that he remembered them only as dreams or fancies—so carefully and so successfully was Rose already hiding away from him her real personality, as well as her real inner life. Not doing this from reasonings, or a cold purpose, but from the self-protecting intuitions of her feminine soul, which, in its passage through this lower sphere, had come into a region of chill repression, when she had dreamed only of sunny warmth and spontaneity.

It is difficult to write of all this, and not give the reader a darker and sadder picture of the life to which we have introduced him than is warranted by the real truth. He must not think of the dear little child-wife as always sitting in the shadow of a cloud, nor of her husband as always lording it over her; for this would give an impression very far from the truth. As tenderly as Archie Lester could love anything out of himself, did he love his Rose, and in hundreds of gentle and lover-like ways did he lavish his affection upon her; but in the very core of this love self was hidden; and so long as self was served and delighted in the new relation, all was as the passage of a happy dream. He petted and caressed her, lavished on her sweet names, praised her beauty and called her the "dearest little wife in all the world." What more could he say? This had come to be his favorite sentence whenever he grew enthusiastic over her.

Only when, in some moment of forgetfulness, the

realm of his selfhood was invaded by this darling little wife, did his aspect towards her change. Self is very sensitive, always on the alert, ever seeking and never giving freely. The "I," and the "my," and the "me" stand guard perpetually, and their challenge rings out at every approaching footstep. Rose was learning to heed the challenge; for memory held too vividly the smart of many bayonet pricks, and the ache of wounds which had gone far down towards the very seat of life, not to have learned, even so early as this, something of the art of self-protection.

Every day the desire to have his pet and his darling all to himself grew stronger with Archie Lester. His dear wee wife must be his fairy housekeeper, and give him a home full of order and comfort. What pictures of this home his fancy kept drawing! How warm in color and bright the atmosphere! He grew impatient over delay.

It was three months from the close of the honeymoon when the housekeeping began. If any one had told Lester, that in determining the size and location of their dwelling, and in the choice of furniture, his will and his tastes had been the law, and his wife's tastes and preferences of little or no account, he would have rejected the allegation almost indignantly. Yet, it was even so. Neither Rose nor her aunt liked the house, nor the neighborhood in which it was situated; their chief objection being its remoteness from the home of Mrs. Loring. Yet, in this very objection Lester found his strongest preference. He would take his wife as far away from her aunt as possible, and out of the companionship and influence of the only one in all the world who loved her with a true, deep and unselfish love, in order that he might draw her more completely into himself, and so enjoy her the more selfishly—never for an instant imagining that Rose could feel loss and loneliness; or that her heart could go out after and yearn for the old love, and care, and sympathy in which she had been living, and in which she had found rest and peace.

If, in the choice of furniture, the taste of Rose differed in anything from that of her husband, there was no generous giving way on his part, but a resolute assertion of the higher beauty and fitness of the articles he preferred, and a brusque indifference to, if not a half-contemptuous disregard of her tastes and wishes. Rose was already learning her lesson by heart. To contend with Archie she had found too hard an ordeal for her weak and sensitive nature. He was too strong for her; bore her down with too rough a hand, almost always hurting her in the fall. Submission was better than a strife, in which, from very pain and exhaustion, she must give way in the end.

And yet Lester was not content with her yielding. It was not enough that she deferred to him. After the choice of this and that article of furniture was made, he must press a recognition of his superior taste. Rose must confess that the style or color she preferred was in no comparison as desirable as the one he had chosen; and if she did not give a hearty

assent, the light of his countenance would fade out, and her poor, weak heart feel a chill creep over it.

What could the helpless little thing do but *seem* to drop into the lake of his bosom, and be lost there, while, in reality, she was only drawing away from him and hiding herself out of sight? And he was satisfied. No, we cannot clearly say this. For he had a vague sense of something lacking. He had plucked his rose, but, somehow, in the plucking a tint of beauty had been lost; and—and—must it be said?—there was the smart of a thorn-prick in his finger!

"The dearest little wife and the sweetest little home in all the world!" said Archie to his friends, his face aglow with satisfaction as he spoke.

"And you are the happiest of men," one and another would respond, dropping into his humor.

"Happy as the day is long."

"And what about the wee wife? Is she happy with the great, selfish boy of a husband?"

"You should see her! Bright as the morning, and joyous as a singing-bird."

Let us look in for ourselves. Two months have passed since the establishment of this "sweetest little home in all the world." There has been time for its machinery to come into harmonious play, and to move with a clock-like order and precision. Time for Archie Lester's exquisite ideal of a home to crystallize into the perfect real.

The pretty French clock on the sitting-room mantel has, with its soft and musical *ting, ting, ting*, given notice that the hour for taking the morning meal has come. There is a rustle of the newspaper as it drops from Lester's hand—a few moments of silent waiting, and then, with a tremor of impatience in the voice: "Why isn't breakfast ready?"

"It will be ready in a minute or two. Cook was late getting up."

"What business has she to lie abed in the morning?" and the amiable young husband knits his brows and looks as sternly at his scared little wife as if she were the offending cook. Then he gets up and strides across the floor, his face dark as a miniature thunder-cloud. While he is thus engaged, Rose has slipped from the room and gone down into the kitchen to hurry up the rather independent young lady of Milesian birth, who presides over the culinary department of their household. Of the art of making coffee, or broiling a steak, or whisking up an omelet, she is profoundly ignorant—the fair young mistress, we mean—and these are to be the leading attractions for breakfast on this particular morning.

"Why, Jane, here it's eight o'clock, and there's nothing ready!" she exclaims, in a worried, reproving voice, as her eyes rest upon the steak yet guiltless of the touch of fire, and at the dish of unbroken eggs on the kitchen-table.

Cook, who is poking the dead-looking range, starts up, her form towering far above that of her doll-like mistress, and squaring herself about, looks down, half-contemptuously, upon the child in her dainty slippers and pink cashmere morning wrapper, who

has dared to interrogate her after this fashion. A dangerous light is burning in her coal-black eyes. Rose moves back a step or two, her paling face giving the sign of fear which Jane is quick to read.

"And nothing will be ready till the fire burns," is all the satisfaction she obtains.

"But Mr. Lester is waiting, Jane," she ventures to say. "And he's particular, as I've told you, about having his meals punctually."

Jane throws a scowl at her, and then stoops to give the fire another assault with her poker. This done, she sets the steak over some of the half-glowing coals, after which she begins breaking up the eggs preparatory to an omelet. She moves without haste, while Rose looks on, oppressed by a feeling of ignorance and helplessness. The tender little thing is afraid of this creature, as of some untamed beast.

"You'll hurry, won't you, Jane?" she ventures to say, in a coaxing voice. "Mr. Lester is very particular about having his meals in time."

But the sulky cook does not even deign a reply; no, not so much as a growl or a grunt; but goes on with her work slowly, and with an almost mocking deliberation. Suddenly one of the bells that hang against the kitchen wall is jerked violently, giving the wife's already excited nerves a start, and sending a sharp pain through her temples. She knows too well whose hand gave that impatient jangle, and goes up to the sitting-room to answer the call herself.

"Good gracious, Rose! Why it's nearly a quarter past eight! What's the matter? Ar'n't we going to have any breakfast?" is the greeting she receives.

"In a few minutes, now," she answers, trying to look cheerful. "Jane has the steak on, and is making the omelet."

"Making the omelet! It's of no use; I can't have anything like this going on in my house. You must send her away, and get a cook that will attend to her business. I will have my meals on time. That must be understood."

Rose looks pitifully at her husband, and he looks un pityingly at her. Not that he is angry with his pet, but he is hungry, annoyed and in a generally "put out" condition, and in no mood for considering others, or being particularly careful of his speech, lest one near and dear to him should be hurt by the word-blows he is throwing out so impatiently.

"There, there! You needn't cry about it, darling!"

Lester sees the wet eyelashes closing together, and large drops pressing through them. There is quite as much of reproof as of tenderness in his voice.

Rose tries hard to regain the mastery over her feelings, but is not successful, and drops sobbing into a chair.

"A sweet sauce for a man's breakfast!" Oh, no, Lester does not say this; that is, not out loud. He is neither cruel enough nor shameless enough to venture on a speech like this. But he says it, for all that, in his thought; and, what is more and worse, feels it in his heart. They wait—silent and troubled on the one part, and silent and moody on the other—

for just fifteen minutes longer, and then, as the clock strikes the half hour, breakfast is served. And such a breakfast for a man with epicurean tastes, and a good feeder at that! The steak is burned to a crisp on one side; the omelet is dry and leathery, and has the flavor of scorched or stale eggs—which it is hard to tell; and the coffee is muddy and disgusting—cook having learned, in concocting that beverage, the high art of completely disguising its natural flavor.

On three boiled eggs, a cup of rich chocolate, half a loaf of bread, with good fresh butter, and a slice of cold chicken, Archie managed to fortify his inner man for the day's opening work. Rose merely pretends to eat. To swallow food is an impossibility. By this time her head is aching with an almost blinding pain. Archie softens under the effects of a full stomach, and tries to be sweet and tender with his Rose, who does not speak of her headache, nor let him see the nervous tremors which are kept only by an effort from revealing themselves.

"This mustn't happen again, my pet," he says at parting. "Send the girl away and get another, if she doesn't do as you tell her. I shall be home at five, hungry as a bear, and in no humor for waiting. So, be sure that dinner is on the stroke."

Then he kisses and caresses the dear little thing, while she endeavors to look pleased and happy. He does not see the trouble in her eyes for the love she has thrown into them; and he never dreams as, with springy step and a sense of affluent life, he moves along the street, that a tiny bundle of sensitive humanity lies quivering in pain—physical as well as mental—on the rose-tinted lounge in their pretty little bed-chamber.

It is past eleven o'clock before Jane, their only servant and maid-of-all-work, finds it convenient to emerge from the kitchen and give attention to the upper part of the house. Her step is quick and decided, and there is danger in her eyes. It will not do for the timid young mistress to cross her path now; and she does not. From very perversity of will, the girl does her chamber-work in a slovenly manner, thus inviting remonstrance, in order that she may have an opportunity to try conclusions with the pretty little doll who is endeavoring to play the housekeeper.

Wisely, Rose keeps out of her way, not coming up from the parlor, whither she has retired as to a place of refuge until the work is done; and the wild beast goes stamping back to her den in the kitchen. On returning to her chamber, the first thing that meets her view, lying on her bureau-cover, is the fragment of a costly vase, one of a pair which came to her as a wedding present. These vases, which were small, standing only eight inches high, were of the choicest workmanship, and shaped after the most exquisite of Etruscan models. The color was a deep azure, the fine enamel covered with gilt decorations in arabesque. They were valued beyond any of her wedding gifts.

As the eyes of Rose fall upon this broken fragment, she stands still suddenly, a look half terror and half despair striking into her paling face. Her little

hands clasp themselves together, and are drawn closely against her bosom. Almost fearfully her eyes go wandering about the room to see what further devastation the vicious beast has wrought; but nothing more is apparent. For a few moments the pain in her temples is intermitted under this shock; then it goes throbbing on with a new intensity.

Promptly at ten minutes of five Archie's latch-key is rattling in the door. He has come home with a first-class appetite, and with pleasant visions of rich soup and juicy sirloin floating through his brain. He shuts the door behind him with a resounding bang, and gives a signal shuffle and stamp, as he passes from the vestibule into the hall, as a notice to his dear little wife that he had arrived. But no sound of flying feet or rustle of garments falls upon his ears. First disappointment; then annoyance; and then a shade of concern. What does it mean? He is half-way up the stairs when he encounters Mrs. Loring. Her finger is upon her lips, and there is a look of warning in her face.

"For Heaven's sake! what's the matter?" Lester asks, in a hoarse whisper.

Mrs. Loring draws him into the little sitting-room, and shuts the door noiselessly. He has grown very pale.

"Nothing to be frightened about," Mrs. Loring answers, her aspect still sober. "Did she complain of indisposition when you left home, this morning?"

"Why, no! Never saw her looking better in my life. Is she sick, Mrs. Loring? In Heaven's name, what's the matter?" He is growing desperate in his suspense.

"Don't speak so loudly, Mr. Lester," the aunt says, with irritating coolness. "She's just fallen asleep, and you'll wake her, poor child!"

Lester drops his voice to a deep whisper: "You'll set me wild, Mrs. Loring! What is the matter?"

"Sit down, and compose yourself, Mr. Lester."

He drops into a chair, and fixes his eyes with an imploring look on the lady's face.

"I came in two hours ago and found her in a dreadful way. That girl you have in the kitchen isn't fit to be the servant of a little delicate thing like Rose."

"What has she been doing, the wretch? I'll send her flying, this minute!" Archie's pale face is instantly on fire with indignation, and he is starting to his feet.

"Don't be hasty. No good ever comes of it." Mrs. Loring lays her hand on Archie, and he sinks back into his chair. "The poor child has been in bed nearly all day with a sick headache. It was three o'clock when she came from her room, half-bewildered with the pain she was suffering, to see what preparation was being made for dinner. She rang for the cook; but no cook made her appearance. Then she rang again, when the creature came to the foot of the stairs and called up to know what was wanted. It soon appeared that nothing had been done towards getting the dinner under way, and when Rose spoke a little sharply, the girl became impudent and threatening. Fortunately, I came just at the right moment,

and sent her back to the kitchen. As for Rose, she was white as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot; and as weak as a baby. I got her over to her room, and into bed, where she is fast asleep, now, and must not be wakened until nature has full time to quiet her nerves."

"Dare to be impudent and threatening to Rose! Not a minute longer shall the wretch stay in this house! Off she goes on the instant, bag and baggage!" and Lester is out of his chair again.

"Hot blood never makes wise action," Mrs. Loring responds, with chafing coolness, as she steps between the excited man and the door. "I've had matters in hand for the last two hours, and you'd better let them remain under my direction for awhile longer."

And once more Archie Lester sinks back into his chair.

Half an hour later he finds himself at the dinner-table with Mrs. Loring. The beef is rare—but he likes it so. The potatoes have been cooked under the beef—and that is according to his taste. Beyond these, and a supply of bread and butter, the bill of fare does not go. But the hungry man, whose appetite has not lost its fine edge, manages to lay in a good supply, and to bear, with at least a show of resignation, the announcement that he must go without his dessert. After the meal is over, he comforts himself, for the space of half an hour, with a cigar and the newspaper. At the end of this time, Mrs. Loring looks in upon him, and says: "Rose wants to see you."

"Oh, how is she?" throwing down his newspaper, and rising quickly.

"Coming all right again."

"Headache gone?"

"Yes."

With two or three great leaps, Archie flings himself up the stairs.

"My darling!" he exclaims, as his eyes rest upon the face of his wife, out of which all the pain and wretchedness have gone. What a sweet face it is! No pallor, but all over it the softest of pink flushes. And such a tender, happy light in the beautiful blue eyes! She is sitting up in bed, beside which, on a stand covered with a snow-white napkin, her aunt has placed a little china *à-la-tête* set, with toast and tea; and she is holding a cup in her hand. It is no fault of hers that the tea is spilled, but that of her glad, impetuous husband—all the lover now.

It was but the shifting of a slide in life's camera, and, lo! this change. Mrs. Loring had, with almost a single wave of her hand, brought order out of confusion, and sent crouching back into her den the wild beast that had been frightening her timid little one.

CHAPTER V.

SOBER REALITIES.

MRS. LORING remained all night, and in the morning looked after the wild beast in the kitchen, and made her serviceable and compliant. Breakfast found the steak "done to a turn;" the bis-

cuit snowy and sweet, while the coffee brought visions of Araby the blessed. Archie was radiant, and Rose looked happy; but there was a quiet air about her, a dreamy expression came now and then into her eyes, as if she were thinking of something far away.

Rose had the morning alone with her aunt—her dear, tender, loving aunt; now doubly dear, haunted as she was by a dim sense of a drifting tide and a receding shore, and moved by an instinct of coming danger to reach out her hand and cling to her tightly. Mrs. Loring gained a clearer insight into the heart of her niece than she had been able to get since her marriage, and saw that she was gradually coming into a truer perception of the nature and obligations of the new life upon which she had entered.

"I do want, aunty dear," she said, as they sat together that morning, the tears, born of a sense of weakness and ignorance, glistening in her eyes, "to be a good and a true wife to Archie, and to make him happy. But I'm only a poor good-for-nothing child, and not fit to be a wife. I don't know anything about housekeeping. Oh, dear! What shall I do, aunty?" And the quivering little face hid itself on Mrs. Loring's bosom.

"You must learn, my darling! Everybody can learn."

"Won't you come every day and teach me, Aunt Mary?"

And Rose looked up with a coaxing smile on her lips, so quickly was her mood changing.

"Oh, no, dear. Not every day. If you were living close by me, I might do so. But you're so far off that it's a journey to get to you."

"I know it is. But Archie would come away out here."

"Yes, I know he would." There was a shade of dissatisfaction in Mrs. Loring's voice.

Rose made no answer, but the smile crept away from her lips.

"I wish I knew how to get Archie up a good dinner all by myself. He would be so pleased." Rose said this after they had been silent for some moments.

"Cook it and all, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"You would be doing more than two-thirds of all the housekeepers in town are able to accomplish."

"Why, no, aunty! You can't mean that?"

"Yes, I mean just that."

"Then I'm not such a poor ignorant little thing as I thought myself; that is, in comparison with others."

"You know quite as much of housekeeping as half the girls who get married—more the shame to their mothers."

"And to their aunts?" An arch smile parted the lips of Rose.

"Yes, and to their aunts. Only, you know, dear, that I am not responsible for your education. I've had you for so short a time." And the eyes of Mrs. Loring softened and grew dim as they rested on her beautiful niece.

"They can't be all as ignorant as I am. Why, it

doesn't seem as if I knew anything at all. If I were left alone, I wouldn't even know how to make Archie a cup of coffee."

"A sad case of ignorance for a married woman, certainly," said Mrs. Loring, half-smiling at the thought of applying to the child sitting before her the matronly title of a married woman; "and high time that she was beginning to qualify herself for the duties of her position."

"About this getting-up of a dinner," she went on, after a pause. "There are two ways of doing it. One by the housekeeper's own hands, and one through her intelligent directions. It is only by the latter way that you can do it; but how are you to give the right direction if you know nothing yourself about the art of cooking?"

"That's just it, aunty. And how am I to get a knowledge of this art? There's no one but you to teach me; and you can't be here every day. As to going down into the kitchen and asking that dreadful cook to show me about anything, it's more than I'd dare to do. She's horrid, and I'm afraid of her."

"When is her week up?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"You must have another in her place. My Alice knows a good girl who is out of a situation. She mentioned it yesterday."

"If I only had Alice!" Rose ejaculated, an eager look coming into her face.

Mrs. Loring sat thoughtful for a little while. Love and pity were in her heart. How could she leave this almost helpless child, ignorant, as to housekeeping, of nearly everything, to the mercy of an ill-tempered, incompetent servant? And especially so, when her great bear of a husband expected his household machinery to run with the order and precision of the most perfect bit of mechanism?

"If I only had Alice!" Mrs. Loring's heart could not withstand the appeal.

"You shall have her for a little while, Rose."

"O aunty dear!" And a pair of small arms were closely hugging the neck of good Mrs. Loring. "And you're in real earnest."

"Only for a little while, you know. I can't give her up altogether; and then Alice herself would not care to leave me."

"When can she come, Aunt Mary?"

"I was thinking. Let me see. Your girl's time is up to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"She's quick and strong, and knows how to do a great deal better than she's been doing here—is one of a kind that needs a mistress, and a decided one at that. She ought to receive a few days' notice; though she don't deserve it. You shall have Alice for a week, and I'll take Jane in her place. In the meantime, I'll see this friend of Alice, and, if I think she will suit, engage her for you."

"Oh, you are so dear and good, aunty! How nice it will be to have Alice."

"Not so nice, maybe, as you think. Servants are human as well as their mistresses; and it is barely

possible that Alice may not find the change from her old home to your new one as much to her taste as it will be to yours. She isn't perfect, by any means."

"I'll trust to that, aunty. Alice and I will get along splendidly. She knows just what to do; and I'll let her have her own way. She shall be monarch of all she surveys."

"Two monarchs in the same kingdom have never, so far as history informs us, been able to get along happily together, and it's an aphorism, that history is always repeating itself," said Mrs. Loring, smiling as she spoke.

"There shall be but one monarch in the kingdom while she reigns. We will all be subjects, and enjoy the peace and plenty she kindly showers upon us," Rose answered, confidently.

When Archie Lester came home, "keen set" for his dinner, as he always was, and with visions of good cheer floating before him, he found a well-supplied board and a happy wife awaiting him. Alice had arrived, and the dreary desert of their household was blossoming as the rose. Never had his wife looked more lovely in his eyes than now, as she sat presiding at his table, which was covered with delicate dishes, just seasoned to his taste.

What a happy evening followed. It was one long remembered by Rose. Archie was so good and tender; so full of praise, compliment and caresses—and she was so happy.

But the morning which followed dropped down upon them the shadow of a cloud. As Mrs. Loring had said, Alice was human. While they were so happy, she was alone all the evening in a small, and, to her, comfortless kitchen, and away from the pleasant associations which had become a part of her life; and a feeling of dissatisfaction made its way into her heart. The morning light did not dissipate this feeling. On descending to the kitchen she found that the fire in the range had burned so low that it was only to be kept alive by great care. As there was no kindling-wood with which to give it a start, she had to coax it up with small applications of coal, and this was slow work. She knew that it would be impossible to have breakfast in time—one of the things which Mrs. Loring had been careful to impress upon her before she came. This not only increased her dissatisfaction, but produced a general feeling of moodiness, arising almost to ill-nature. The biscuits which she had set to raise having failed to receive their due supply of warmth because of the diminished fire in the range, were in no condition for baking. And even if they had been, the oven would have refused, for lack of heat, to do its part of the work much before nine o'clock.

There was a late breakfast, and a poor one at that; an unhappy-looking servant; a moody, grumbling husband, who could always do his share in the way of eating; and a dreary-faced, sad-eyed little wife, who was not able to swallow a mouthful, though she made a pretense of taking food.

Seeing how miserable Rose was after her husband went away to his office—he kissed her in a cold, for-

mal manner at parting, and without a love-glance in his eyes, the selfish fellow! not that he was angry with her, but only too much annoyed to be kind and gentle even towards his dear little wife—Alice relented and became pitiful and considerate. She loved Rose; and now that the tide of her feelings had turned, was considerate and ready to make the best of everything. After the house was in order, and the shimmer of sunlight in all its cozy rooms again, a consultation about dinner was held. Rose already knew ever so many things that Archie liked; all impossible dishes to her.

"Why can't we have a Yorkshire pudding with our roast beef?" he had already asked at least a dozen times, when the sirloin roast came upon the table.

Rose had never before even heard of a Yorkshire pudding; and the two or three cooks who had successively misruled in her kitchen department, were, or affected to be, as ignorant as herself.

Archie, bent on having a Yorkshire pudding, brought home, one day, a cook-book, and insisted on the cook's producing the article according to the recipe therein set forth. Now, the preparation of a piece of beef for roasting was a very simple matter; after that the fire, with a little watching, did the work. But the concocting of a Yorkshire pudding, and its proper adjustment to the beef, while roasting, involved some care and trouble; and seeing this, the cook was careful to produce an article of food that was never called for again under her *régime*.

With each new cook had come a trial of the Yorkshire pudding; but, either from stupidity or perverseness, none of these efforts were successful.

"Can you make a Yorkshire pudding?" was Rose's first query, after the consultation about dinner began.

Alice shook her head; and the light grew less in the young housekeeper's face.

"I have the recipe."

"Oh, have you?"

"Yes." And Rose produced the cook-book, and read the formula aloud.

"Oh, that's simple enough."

"Could you make one?"

The face growing bright.

"Of course. Only a good, rich batter baked under the meat. Read it over again."

Rose did as she was requested.

"Simple enough. You shall have one for dinner, if you say so."

"You couldn't please Mr. Lester better. He'll be delighted."

And so it proved, for the pudding was delicious; and Archie had his usual splendid appetite. The winter of their discontent had passed, and it was glorious summer again. But the summer did not last. It was soon gone—dying out almost as quickly as it came.

Even inanimate things which are formed for use grow perverse sometimes—seem to become possessed of evil forces that bend them out of their true order, and make them instruments of annoyance or destruction. This perverseness, which had fallen upon

everything with which Alice tried to work in producing the breakfast that morning, was even more torturous in its bent on the morning that succeeded. To make sure of her fire, she had made a different adjustment of the drafts and lids connected with the range from that of the night previous, and in so doing had succeeded in losing it altogether. A dead mass of coals and ashes met her disheartened gaze as she opened the kitchen door. Her first impulse was to go noiselessly back to her room, put on her things and fly from the house. But this would never do. She could not so meanly desert her post. Fortunately, kindling-wood had been provided on the previous day, and by the aid of this, after clearing out the fire-box of the range, she soon had a fire going.

But an evil force seemed to be in everything, turning it to a destructive instead of a useful effort. The grate was supported by a small pin; and in replacing this pin, after pushing up the grate, the hand of Alice, into which the evil force was flowing as into everything else, did the work so imperfectly, that, just as she was ready to begin the preparation of breakfast, down went the whole body of burning coals into the ash-pit!

Again the impulse to fly seized upon the girl; but she overcame the feeling, and in a slow, dogged, desperate kind of a way proceeded to clear out the fire-box, set the pin more securely in its place and build up the fire once more. A full half hour had been consumed in her conflict with these baffling conditions; and it was now far past seven o'clock, and eight was the breakfast hour. But a spirit of perversity was in everything. The coffee-mill hid itself away behind pans and dishes in the lower part of the dresser, and nearly five minutes were spent in searching out its place of concealment. The coffee-pot sprung a leak, and it took nearly five minutes more of her precious time to get a thin strip of muslin and draw it through the tiny hole, and thus make a temporary stoppage of the leak. The gridiron wouldn't keep its right position over the coals; the oven wouldn't get hot enough to bake the delicate corn-bread she had prepared—in fact, everything went wrong. An evil spirit was at work, marring whatever it could touch.

A late and indifferent breakfast, a disappointed, moody and fretful husband, a worried little wife, and a servant with a miniature thunder-cloud in her face—for, as Mrs. Loring had said, Alice was human—made up the not very attractive tableau for that morning.

After the breakfast things were cleared away, the beds made and the house set in order, Alice put on her things and went away.

"It's of no use, Miss Rose," she said, softening in her manner, as she came into the room where the young wife sat tearful and troubled. "I can't stay here. Things all go wrong, and I'm out of heart."

"But what am I to do, Alice? Surely you are not going to leave me all alone."

"I'll go home and tell your aunty, and she'll find you a girl. There's the one you had. She can come

back, and she'll be better'n nobody. 'Tain't no use for me to stay. I'm kind of put out and turned round, and can't do anything right."

Mrs. Loring made her appearance in a couple of hours after Alice went away, bringing Jane with her. The girl was subdued, and showed a milder temper and a more willing spirit, and promised that, if she were permitted to remain, she would do her best to give satisfaction. Acting on the rule that it is better to trust the devil you know than the one you don't know, it was concluded to let Jane continue on, in the hope that she might do better in the future than she had been doing in the past.

Vain hope! Does the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin? For two or three days Jane was charming, and showed a skill and capability that made her nearly all that could be desired. But Archie's love of good fare, and of dishes not always the easiest to produce, soon began to tax her patience. Especially was she annoyed at his sharp way of expressing dissatisfaction when anything fell short of his approval. In less than a week the wild beast was rampant again, and the whole economy of the household in disorder. Rose tried to assert her authority, but the summer wind might as well have set itself against the fierce tornado. The creature was saucy and defiant, and went storming about the house, banging doors and knocking things around in a wild and dangerous sort of way.

It happened that, coming home one afternoon half an hour earlier than usual, Archie Lester found his wife locked in her chamber. At his call, she opened the door, and threw herself, sobbing and trembling, into his arms. Her face was pale and frightened. She had gone down into the kitchen not long before to see how dinner was progressing, and finding that Jane had neglected to prepare one of the dishes which she had been particular to order, spoke to her rather severely about it; on which the girl, who had been nursing a wrathful mood all day, in consequence of a reproof administered by Mr. Lester in the morning because the coffee was badly made, started up fiercely, her black eyes flashing, and made a gesture as though she were going to strike the child who had dared to intrude upon her domain, and the child had fled in terror to her chamber and locked herself in.

As soon as Archie understood clearly just how matters stood, he acted with the usual discretion of men of his character. In less than twenty minutes, Jane was out of the house, "bag and baggage," as we say, leaving a half-cooked dinner on the fire. But the gentleman's indignation did not affect his appetite. He was quite as sharp for his "good square meal" as if nothing untoward had happened; and the bang of the door as the girl went forth from the house had scarcely died in their ears, when he said: "And now, darling, won't you see what the chances are for dinner?"

With the passing of her fears had come to Rose a sense of weakness, accompanied by low, nervous tremors, which she vainly tried to repress. Archie saw a blank look in the face of his little wife as she

arose quickly and went down into the kitchen to see about the dinner which their suddenly-banished cook had left baking, and boiling, and burning in the range.

We will not attempt to describe what she found there, nor the condition in which she found it. Nor will we describe her fruitless efforts to complete the work which had been left undone. In order to make the interval which remained until the dinner hour pass as agreeably as possible, Archie had taken a newspaper, and was in the midst of an interesting article, when he was startled by the fall of something, followed instantly by a suppressed cry from his wife. In less time than it takes to record the fact, Lester was in the kitchen. As he entered, he saw on the floor in front of the range a dripping-pan, a piece of roast beef and gravy splashed about. Above them stood Rose, her face pallid with fright and pain. She had caught one of her hands in her apron, and was holding it tightly with the other.

"Rose! Rose! For Heaven's sake, what's the matter!" cried Archie, catching hold of his pale and trembling wife.

As she felt his grasp, strength failed, and she would have fallen to the floor had he not caught her in his arms. In a few moments she was borne up-stairs and laid upon her bed; and then the hand was uncovered to Archie's anxious eyes. It was scalded a little with the gravy which had been flung against it as she let the hot dripping-pan she was attempting to remove from the range fall upon the floor; but the burn was in no way serious. Archie happened to know what was best to be done in the case of burns, where the skin is not broken nor yet blistered, and covered the reddening spots with cloths dipped in alcohol, which in due time "took out the fire," and left the hand as well as before.

As soon as the slight nature of his wife's injuries were ascertained, and the increased pain consequent on the application of alcohol had subsided, Lester's thoughts turned naturally to his dinner, and he proposed a joint excursion to the kitchen, in order to see if it were possible, out of the wreck of things there, to secure enough to appease the cravings of appetite—his appetite; not that of Rose, for hers had taken its departure.

They went down together, Rose so weak that her trembling limbs could scarcely bear her weight. On the hearth, in front of the range, lay the sirloin roast, flanked about with half-browned potatoes lying in a bed of gravy. The dripping-pan had bounced over onto the floor, splashing the grease around it as it fell. There was the penetrating odor of burning food in the air. On opening one of the ovens, out came a cloud of smoke, testifying to the hopeless condition of a pudding which had been left therein by the cook on her summary ejection from the premises. Tomatoes, out of which all the moisture had long ago been driven, were scorching in a vessel on the range, and a cauliflower was in no better condition.

As soon as Rose took in the whole disastrous state of affairs, and saw that even a passable dinner for

her husband was out of the question, she made an effort to steady her quivering nerves and to look as cheerful as possible.

"It's no use, Archie dear," she said. "You can't dine here to-day. The dinner is lost, and there is no time to get up another, even if I had the skill of a French cook. So you will have to dine out."

"But what are you to do, Rose?" asked Archie, to whom the suggestion brought a pleasant vision of a down-town dinner at a first-class restaurant. He could not wholly forget his wife in the rising image of his own good cheer.

"Oh, don't think of me. I shall get along well enough. It's for you, and not for myself, that I'm concerned."

"Let me bring you something. Some fried oysters, or anything good you can think of. What shall it be?"

"No, thank you, dear! I couldn't eat a mouthful if you were to set the daintiest things in the world before me. You go and get yourself a good dinner, and in the meantime I'll try to bring order out of this chaos."

"But it looks so selfish in me, Rose," Lester feebly remonstrated.

"I don't see it, Archie dear. You must have your dinner; and as there is none for you at home, the only thing I can do is to send you away to a restaurant. I'm sorry it has to be done. But there's no help for it."

To resist such persuasions is impossible. So Lester kisses his little rosebud, and then takes his departure for a down-town restaurant, there to enjoy a good dinner, which he takes care shall include some of the choicest things of the season.

As soon as he is gone, Rose sets herself to the task of restoring things to order in the kitchen. A perception of what is best to do comes to her as she puts her hands to the work, and it is not long before all evidences of the dinner-disaster, except the broad dashes of grease on the kitchen floor, have disappeared; and this, notwithstanding the impediment of a slightly burned hand. Food she takes none.

A twilight dimness was falling around her when Rose left the kitchen, and went, with weak and unsteady steps, up to her chamber. There was a dull aching and a sense of heaviness and confusion in her head. She felt hot and oppressed. Heart and strength were giving way. The door-bell rang, and she made an effort to rise from the bed on which she had sunk down; but with the attempt everything grew dark. She heard it ring again, and again made an effort to rise, but her head swam and she dropped helplessly back. Again, and more loudly, it rang, two or three strong, quick jerks being given to the bell-handle.

And now there came over her an impression of loneliness that fast deepened into fear. Her heart began to beat with great thumps, and she felt as if about to suffocate. There was no one but herself in the house. It was growing dark. It might be an hour before Archie's return. What if some one were

to break in! Once more she attempted to rise; but the dizziness returned, and she was compelled to lie down.

Poor, trembling, frightened child, half-fainting and all alone in the fast-falling night! How weak, and helpless, and deserted she felt; like a tender, little lamb, out of the fold, and in terror of the darkness and the wolves.

"O Archie! Archie!" she cried in her heart, as the fear and suspense grew deeper.

And where was Archie? The evening's dusky shadows began creeping in ere he had half completed his luxurious dinner; but the waiter in attendance quickly drowned them out in a flood of light from a burning gas-jet, which sent its glint and shimmer back from the polished table service. How comfortable he was; what a feeling of satisfaction pervaded his whole nature as one delicate morsel of food after another touched and lingered on his palate. He was quite forgetting that "dearest little wife in all the world," whom he had left alone in the house to gather up, with her scalded hand, the debris of their ruined dinner and set the kitchen in order, while he enjoyed himself in a restaurant.

He had eaten to repletion, but yet lingered over the dishes, tasting this and that, when he was touched on the shoulder. Looking up, he met the face of Philip Lawson.

"Why, how is this?" ejaculated the friend, in a familiar but surprised voice. "Dining out? Where's the dear little wife? Not a case of desertion, I hope."

There was a smile on his lips; but a grave, questioning glance in his eyes.

"No; at least, not on the dear little wife's part," returned Lester, trying to give back a pleasant smile. But his thoughts going suddenly to Rose, extinguished the smile.

"Then there has been a desertion. Who is the delinquent?"

"Cook."

"Oh, I see. The kitchen cabinet has become demoralized."

"Sadly."

And then Lester related the story of his wife's trouble with the cook, and the disaster which had befallen their dinner, closing with the remark, made in a half-injured tone: "And, so you see, there was nothing left for me but to get my dinner down-town."

"And leave that dear little, darling wife; that delicate queen rose, so lately gathered from 'the rose-bud garden of girls,' to set, with her scalded hand, the kitchen in order, and then wait, all alone in the house, until her lord shall have dined daintily and been satisfied!"

Philip Lawson was betrayed into a plainness of speech, which he feared, as the last words dropped from his lips, might give offense. Their effect was to send the blood back from Lester's face, and to cause him to start up quickly.

"You put the matter rather strongly," he made answer, with a little huskiness in his voice.

"Not half so strongly as it is in my heart to make it," Lawson replied, letting his eyes fall upon the table, and going over the various dishes from which his friend had been consoling himself. "On what did your wife dine, while you were indulging in all this?"

"She didn't want anything. I urged her to let me bring her something nice; but she said no, she couldn't eat a mouthful."

"Poor child! Too troubled and sick at heart for food, and her great, strong husband goes off and leaves her all alone, that he may have his good dinner! I would have taken bread and water first!"

Lawson cannot hold back his indignation. Lester reaches for his hat; beckons to the waiter; pays his bill, and leaving his friend with a hurried "Good evening!" makes his way to the street, and jumping into a passing car, starts for home. How the horses seem to creep! He looks at his watch and notes the time. It is growing quite dark, and all the lamps are lighted. At every cross-street the car stops for more passengers, making new delays. Creep, creep. Stop and start again. Will he never get home! Half a dozen times his impatience grows so strong that he is on the eve of getting out of the car and walking. But he restrains himself.

Home at last! He springs from the car and glances up at the windows. No lights visible anywhere. His hand shakes so badly that he can scarcely get his key into the lock; and succeeds only after several fruitless efforts.

Darkness and silence within! He calls, but no sound comes back to him but the echoes of his own voice. Taking a match from his pocket he strikes a light in the hall, and then goes, with a wild bound, up the stairs. The chamber-door stands partly open, but it is dark inside.

"Rose! Rose, darling!" But there is no answer. A silence, as of death, is on the air. A light reveals the form of his wife on the bed. Her face is ashen pale, the eyelids but half closed, and the pupils drawn upwards out of sight. Her hands, the fingers shut closely into the palms, are against her bosom.

A great cry of fear breaks from Lester's lips as he catches the unconscious form in his arms; and as he holds it tightly, he calls the name of his wife in words and tones of passionate entreaty. Into the far-off chambers, where her soul has gone for safety, she hears the call, and comes trembling back to the outer world, and into the rest and safety of her husband's protecting arms.

"O Rose! Rose! Rose! My pet! My darling!" are the loving words that come sweetly melting upon her ears, as she feels herself drawn closely to Archie's bosom.

But her return to consciousness brings back the dull sense of pain in her head and the dizziness when she moves. And as her heart goes on beating again, it rises into a quick and disturbed action. Her skin grows hot; red flushes burn in her cheeks; her eyes become dull and heavy. Signs of a sudden, and it may be, of a serious illness, are apparent. When the

doctor arrives, he finds her in a burning fever and slightly delirious. Lester, half beside himself with anxiety and alarm, goes to a near telegraph station, while the doctor waits, and sends a startling message for Mrs. Loring. "Rose is very ill. Come immediately."

When morning broke, it did not find the little wife hot with fever and tossing about in the restlessness of delirium, but lying pale and quiet, with a cool skin and low but even pulses. Sleep had done for her even more than the doctor's medicine. What a mountain of concern fell away from the heart of her husband! With what tender and loving eyes did he gaze upon the pure, pale face that was like some exquisite picture! How warm the kisses with which he covered it! Mrs. Loring was there, and took charge of everything, getting, in the absence of a servant, the breakfast for which Archie had his usual good appetite, and in the enjoyment of which he half forgot the anxious fears of the night.

Not as the dew passes from the sun-kissed flower did the memory of her brief suffering pass from the mind of Rose. She had turned a new page in the book of her life, and the record it already bore had been cut thereon in suffering so acute that the very thought of it left a curve of pain on her lips and a shadow in her eyes. She felt as if pushed forth into a new and strange world—a world out of which half the sunshine had gone; a world of cares, and duties, and responsibilities for which she was unequal. And with the feeling came a dim, depressing consciousness that, at almost every step of the way now lying before her, her tender feet would be hurt, and her limbs be forever weary!

Poor, weak child! How little did the strong, hearty, self-poised man beside whom she walked, trying to keep step with him, know how she panted in the effort, wasting already her strength! He was too much taken up with himself; his needs, and pleasures, and satisfactions—and his discomforts, sometimes—to think of the needs, and pleasures, and satisfactions of the dear fairy-like creature who made his home bright and beautiful with her presence; and who, day by day, as the days and weeks wore farther on, drew aside, at sound of his coming, the veil which so often rested on her face, that he might see therein only the pleasant sunshine.

Weak but brave little heart! In the presence of duties and dangers, whereof, in the sunny days that were gone, she had never so much as dreamed, she sought to marshal her poor forces and set them in array. She would at least make a good fight, whether she were worsted or not.

For a few days she rested and was cared for, Mrs. Loring remaining with her, and seeing that a new servant was properly installed. Then the burdens of the household were again laid on her shoulders. Already she had grown into a clearer comprehension of the nature of her duties; and the new servant, being not only capable but willing and good-tempered, she was able to get the domestic machinery under her personal supervision, and to gain a better

control over it. If Archie had been more considerate and less exacting, especially in the matter of eating, the difficulties in her way would have been lessened. But he would tolerate no break in the machinery, and no defect in the result of its action. If the meals were not on time to a minute, he grumbled; if the coffee was not up to the standard, he would set down his cup, and say, with an ugly set of his mouth: "My dear! this is horrid stuff! If Biddy (or Jane, or Sally) can't do better, send her away, and get a cook who knows her business!"

Then, if he saw tears creeping into the tender blue eyes of his wife, he would feel annoyed, and maybe throw at her a word-blow that seemed to him as light as thistle-down, but which hurt as if it had been a stone. Sometimes, being in a better state of mind, he would feel sorry when he saw the light going out of her face, and the quick tears flooding her eyes, and say: "Never mind, dear, if you feel so badly about it. I won't grumble any more. Only, when one pays a cook, it's hardly the thing to have good food spoiled after this fashion."

Rose does not feel much better at this, and blames herself for not seeing that the coffee is properly made, or the steak more nicely broiled, or the muffins lighter. After Archie has kissed her and gone away to his office, she sits down with wet eyes to a new study of the cook-book, from which she rises with a more depressing sense of her deficiencies. Still, she manages to gather a few ideas, and to gain a knowledge of many things that are of use to her, and that help her in the management of her household.

But she cannot so order affairs—and she does try very hard—as to close the mouth of her grumbling husband, who is weakly annoyed at every little thing that does not accord with his tastes or his fancies, and too inconsiderate to keep his annoyances to himself. Scarcely a meal is taken in the full light of domestic sunshine. There is always something with which fault may be found. If it is not in the food, then it is in the table service. He is so fastidious!

As best she can, Rose tries to adjust herself to this strange and inharmonious condition of affairs. But it wears on her, going deeper and deeper every day, and touching with a chill the very well-springs of her sensitive life.

(To be continued.)

A GENTLEMAN in the habit of occasionally using intoxicating drinks, took up an able temperance address, and sat down in his family to peruse it. He read it through without saying a word, when he exclaimed: "This man is a fool!" He then read it again, and when again he had finished it, a second time he exclaimed: "This man is a fool or I am!" A third time he read it with still greater care, and as he finished the last sentence exclaimed: "I was a fool!" and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterwards.

No MAN has a thorough taste of prosperity to whom adversity never happened.

MISS DRUCILLA'S DIAMONDS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"O MAMMA" joyously cried Ethel Burney, rushing into her mamma's room, one pleasant June morning, "only see, how perfectly delightful! a note from Miss Drucilla, inviting me to accompany her on her tour of the lakes next month," and Ethel held up the missive, which had made her eyes bright and her cheeks rosy with the pleasant news it contained. "I may go, mayn't I?" she asked, coaxingly.

"Certainly; I shall be glad to have you," replied Mrs. Burney, with a smile, at her daughter's pleading tone. "It is very kind, indeed, of Miss Drucilla to ask you; but I wonder she does not prefer an older traveling companion; I should not think she would care to be bothered with a girl of sixteen!"

"'Bothered,' indeed!" echoed Ethel, with a protesting pout at the word, "I shall be of assistance, rather; I shall be just perfectly happy to take care of her and her pretty things," and Ethel thought of the beautiful jewels, and laces, and ribbons of her friend, and made up her mind she would offer to be a little lady's-maid, as well as traveling companion, in their tour. Ethel so loved elegant and beautiful adornments, and having very few of her own to fuss over and fix, she quite reveled in the thought of being able to see Miss Drucilla's every day, and, perhaps, have the charge of arranging and taking care of sometimes.

Miss Dorcas Drucilla was a rather peculiar young woman, of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. She had never married, because, as she said, "she never felt sure the offers she received were as much for herself as for her possessions." She was a little morbid on the subject, however, for she was really as much of a "jewel" as any of her precious stones! She was of a very amiable disposition, entertaining manners and highly cultivated, and possessing all these traits, as well as an immense fortune, was much sought after.

The Burneys had met her, one summer, up in the mountains. While there she had taken a great fancy to Ethel, and had visited her often in the city on their return, and invited Ethel to her home, and occasionally to reception, lecture or opera.

In return for these little attentions, Ethel became her devoted lover and slave. She really did like Miss Drucilla apart from her elegant surroundings, and would have been quite as devoted to her without the favors she received; but, naturally, to a person of fine tastes, like Ethel's, and ungratified ones, in a great degree, the magnificence and elegance that attended Miss Drucilla were appreciated as well. It can readily be imagined, then, how eagerly and with what delight this warm invitation to accompany her goddess was received and accepted by the little mortal worshiper, Ethel.

"Only think, mamma, dear," she exclaimed, when, all ready to start, one lovely morning in July, she stood waiting for the carriage and Miss Drucilla to

call for her and her trunk; "only think, a whole holiday of elegant times! Nothing to think about or worry over, but just to enjoy ourselves and see beautiful sights, and be perfectly happy! I wish you were going, too, mamma," she added, with a spasm of conscience-stricken sorrow for her mother, left behind to cares and worriments.

"Oh, I shall be just as happy at home, here, thinking of your pleasure, dear. Don't let a thought of me be a 'crumpled rose-leaf' on your couch, Ethel; enjoy everything to your fullest bent. Sixteen only comes *one* summer in one's life, and I want yours to be a bright mark in your book of remembrance for after years."

The carriage came rattling up the square, then, and its glossy panels, coachman and footman in livery, drove all else out of Ethel's mind. She hoped the Madden girls saw her—it was so splendid to go off in such style! Oh, it was beautiful to be rich!

"I'll take the best of care of your little girl, Mrs. Burney," said Miss Drucilla, bidding that lady good-bye. "I am very thankful to you for allowing me to have her; I enjoy her girlish enthusiasm and affectionate ways; they are both so *real* and true, one don't suspect selfish or avaricious motives in all *she* says and does, and I thank you for her, and will take excellent care of her."

"You are very kind," Miss Drucilla," replied Mrs. Burney, with a smile. "But, indeed, I don't like to hear a *lovely* young woman like you infer that people are generally 'selfish and avaricious.' Ethel, I am sure, is not the only one who is 'real and true' in their affection for you—and I hope you will discover so some day."

"Oh," laughed Miss Drucilla, "I understand your covert allusion, but I'm a sworn old maid, and I don't believe in lover's vows, they all swear by the moon, or under a glamour of something equally *changeable* and *silvery*!"

Kisses and good-byes were then exchanged, and the carriage rattled down the street towards the depot. Miss Drucilla was very earnest in her last words to the coachman, charging him to be very careful of the horses in her absence.

"They are both sick," she explained to Ethel, "and I am very much afraid, in my not being able to see to them myself, they will not receive proper attention."

But what did Ethel care for sick horses, when there was so much to see from the car-windows as they sped along! Such delightful traveling, as it was, too—a palace-car, of course, with its easy lounges and comfortable foot-stools, and a porter passing through continually with refreshing ices and delicious lunch. Miss Drucilla looked over some business papers awhile, then read, and then lay back for a little doze. Ethel was too wide-awake and full of interest at everything going on to think of a nap; the whirling meadows of daisies and dandelion seemed to wheel by them; the telegraph-poles danced jigs as they darted along, and the villages and towns looked like pictures of places, as the lightning-express

whizzed by on its way. Miss Drucilla suddenly awoke with a start and a little shriek.

"What is it, dear Miss Drucilla?" cried Ethel, in alarm. "Are you sick?"

"No; it is nothing, dear, only a frightful little dream I had. I dare say I am hungry. We will reach our stopping-place shortly, and be quite ready for dinner, I am sure."

It was a pretty little city at which they stopped, and Ethel was delighted with the new experience to her of fashionable hotel life. They drove round the suburbs after dinner, and Miss Drucilla was very agreeable and entertaining; she quoted poetry, and told romantic little incidents in her life, until at length Ethel cried girlishly: "And your lovers, Miss Drucilla—you surely have had hosts of them!"

"Never one I believed honest and true, my dear."

"O Miss Drucilla!" and Ethel's tone told how implicitly *she* believed in "true lovers."

"Yes, I always have seen the greed of gold behind the light of love in their eyes. It is unfortunate to a woman of fortune, my dear."

Ethel did not reply; but she did not agree with the sentiments of her friend.

Their rooms adjoined, but Miss Drucilla came into Ethel's little chamber when it was time to retire, and began to undress there. Such exquisite things as she wore! Ethel took them all in with a real girl's eye for pretty underwear, and spying a curious chain and ornament round Miss Drucilla's neck, asked quickly, before she thought how like impertinence it was: "O Miss Drucilla, is that a locket?"

"No, it is my diamonds, dear; I don't dare wear them in traveling, they are too conspicuous; and robbers have been known to follow persons and rob them, from seeing diamonds on their persons. I can't leave them at home, for I wear them in full dress; and my trunk is not safe, of course; so I have to make a Spartan youth of myself, and hold them to my vitals though they gnaw my life out."

She detached the curious little chamois bag from the chain and showed Ethel. It was filled with glittering rings, and necklace, and brooches. The very room seemed lighted from their brilliance.

"How perfectly beautiful! Oh, how nice it must be, Miss Drucilla, to own and wear such things!" cried Ethel.

"Yes, but the rose has its thorn. See the penalty I pay for owning such treasures." And Miss Drucilla showed a little, sore, pink spot on her breast that the hard stones had worn that hot day. "You have no idea how I suffer from them sometimes," she said; "and I must *feel* them to make sure they are safe, you know."

Ethel opened her eyes very wide. Here were diamonds in a new light. Their sparkle and brightness assumed a cruel glitter.

"It is a sad thing to be very rich, Ethel," continued Miss Drucilla. "One has to keep up a proper fitness of things. Consequently, a woman of fortune is *obliged* to have elegant costumes, rare jewels and all the thousand-and-one magnificent, although some-

times worrisome, appointments befitting her position. Now, you, my dear, will lay that little brown head down upon your pillow and sleep sweetly until morning, while I will be visited by a grim procession of sick horses, dishonest servants, unpayable dividends and troublesome bonds, before I close my tired eyes." And Miss Drucilla ended her pathetic little complaint of *embarras du riche* with a wearied sigh.

"I never thought of it—that way," replied Ethel, gravely.

"Well, don't let it worry you now," said Miss Drucilla, jumping up from her chair and kissing her good-night. "I never feel any fear of being robbed in a first-class hotel; so don't be timid after my little shadow on your bright thoughts. I dare say I shall sleep soundly, in spite of my annoyances in consequence of being possessed of all this trash," taking up her diamonds and putting them in her bosom again. "But, Ethel, when you feel tempted to envy people diamonds or ducats, remember the penalty people pay for possessing both!"

There was no need for Miss Drucilla to tell Ethel "not to worry;" neither diamonds, nor ducats, nor robbers prevented her from sleeping as soon as her head touched the pillow; and she awakened rested and refreshed next morning, and full of pleasant anticipations over the journey which was to be resumed.

They started early, and there was another panorama of mountains and valleys, rivers and streamlets, spread out before their view as they rushed through the beautiful country. Ethel forgot all about Miss Drucilla's worries and cares in the changing scene before her, until about mid-day she detected a spasm of pain pass over her friend's face. "It must be those cruel diamonds!" thought Ethel.

"Does your—your head ache, Miss Drucilla?" she asked.

"I feel very tired and warm," replied Miss Drucilla; "and I believe I am sleepy. I will take a little nap, dear, if you will have an eye on the books and bundles," with a look that Ethel interpreted meant "diamonds" beside.

"Yes, certainly; I'm not a bit tired. Won't you unfasten your dress and be more comfortable? I won't stir from my seat," replied Ethel, with an answering look, meaning "diamonds," too!

Then Miss Drucilla lay her head down upon the soft cushions, and was soon in a doze.

Somehow, with no one to talk to, the scenery grew tiresome. A spruce young man opposite offered her a paper; but Ethel was not literarily inclined, so she declined the offer. Her eyes ached; she closed them "just for a minute;" but it was certainly out of a sound sleep that she was awakened by Miss Drucilla's sudden start and scream of the day before.

"Oh, dear, what is it?" cried Ethel, opening her eyes and looking round, and feeling chagrined at herself for having slept on duty.

"Why, the train has stopped, Ethel, and nearly all of the passengers are out of the cars. What does it mean, and where are we?" said Miss Drucilla.

"This is Bedford, madame," said the young gentleman, who had offered Ethel the paper. "The train will go no further to-night; an accident on the train ahead prevents our travel."

"Then we shall have to remain here? Is there a hotel in the place, do you know, sir?" Miss Drucilla asked the young gentleman, who was assisting her in taking down her packages.

"There is a large summer boarding-house, but no hotel. I dare say you can get rooms at Mrs. Bents's. I am stopping there. If you will allow me, I will show you the way."

"One learns to succumb to fate—and railway detentions with patience and resignation, after traveling a great deal! Ethel, we will have to stay here to-night. Thanks for your kind offer, sir, we will follow you to Mrs. Bents's."

As most of the other travelers had already discovered the way, the choice of rooms left for Miss Drucilla was limited; she was, therefore, obliged to be glad in the assignment of herself and Ethel to a little chamber on the ground-floor, the long windows of which opened directly out on the lawn.

Miss Drucilla eyed the locks and fastenings of her door and windows suspiciously and carefully upon retiring. It was a very hot night, and, notwithstanding they were crowded, and obliged to occupy one bed, Miss Drucilla shut down, and locked and fastened out every breath of air.

"Oh, dear!" thought Ethel, when she saw this proceeding, "I wish those hateful old diamonds were in Guinea or Golconda! They are very much in the way of comfort in traveling. Mamma and I never have any such fussing over our little jewels and money. Are you afraid here, Miss Drucilla?" she asked, aloud.

"Not exactly; but, still, it is safe to be prudent in a strange place, when one has valuables. It is warm with all the windows closed, but we are on the ground-floor, and I should not feel secure with them open. I hope you will not suffer from the heat."

"Oh, no matter about me, Miss Drucilla," cried Ethel, politely, with a gasp, and fanning herself furiously, "I shall be asleep in a few minutes, and forget the heat."

It was not a sound sleep, however, which visited Ethel's hot pillow that night; disturbed dreams of railway accidents and robbers were mingled with sensations of smothering. Oh, how close it was, with the windows all shut so tight! Ethel moved uneasily, and immediately, with a clutch at the bosom of her night-dress, Miss Drucilla started up in bed, exclaiming, in a terrified tone: "What is it?—what do you want?—speak!"

"Nothing; only, I am so warm, Miss Drucilla!" timidly replied Ethel.

"Oh, my dear child! it is you, isn't it?" said Miss Drucilla, in a voice of relief. "I was dreaming some one had entered the window, and was after my diamonds."

"Oh!" and Ethel lay trembling with terrified thoughts, born of Miss Drucilla's dream.

Supposing that young man, who was so officious in his offers of paper and assistance, should be a burglar. She had heard of there being gentlemanly in their appearance. Perhaps he caught a sight of Miss Drucilla's diamonds, some way, while they were both asleep, and had decoyed them to this house and room to rob and murder them. Oh, how dreadful it was to be rich! She wished Miss Drucilla was poor, and happy, and comfortable. What was that? A slat in the blinds, certainly, had moved; for a star shone through, and that she had not seen before. Did Miss Drucilla hear it? A louder noise at the window then started both ladies out of bed, and with wild screams they roused the house. The proprietress and guests soon came to their rescue; and after making diligent search for the burglar, a very mild-looking old cow was discovered on the lawn, in the neighborhood of Miss Drucilla's window! No other trace of anything that could have occasioned their fright could be found.

"I can sympathize with queens, Ethel," said Miss Drucilla, as she tucked away her diamonds, in dressing, next morning. "I suppose you are quite disgusted with traveling with one whose head, if not crowned, certainly lies uneasy?"

"Why, no, I am not, Miss Drucilla," replied Ethel, a little untruthfully, it must be allowed; "I am sure any one would have been frightened at that noise at the window last night."

"Yes, probably most any one would; but the knowledge of what I had, as booty, gave me the feeling that it was burglars, of course; I repeat, I can sympathize with queens. Did you know, dear, that they suffer agonies in wearing the insignia of their rank?"

Ethel lifted her eyebrows. "Queens suffer," she repeated. "Why we say, 'As happy as a queen!'"

"Well, you may judge how they enjoy their grand, full-dress receptions, etc. It is told of the Empress Eugenie that at one time, when she appeared at the Tuileries, wearing her crown, which was thickly studded with diamonds, fully nine inches in depth, some one exclaimed, at her royal and dazzling appearance. 'Ah, yes,' replied one of her ladies of honor, 'but pity her imperial highness; every time she dons that crown, it means forty-eight hours of intense suffering!' So, Ethel, you see how in every station of wealth and position there is care, trouble and suffering attending its splendors."

Ethel began to believe there was, and she finished her light packing in a very contented frame of mind. But, in spite of her restless night, the new day brought new and fresh pleasures, and Ethel was soon forgetting the shadows in the sunlight of her trip. Another day's travel brought them to the place where they were to rest a week. Upon their arrival at the hotel a telegram was handed Miss Drucilla, announcing the death of both her horses.

"Another vexation, my dear," she said, handing Ethel the telegram; "but I have made up my mind I will allow nothing more to worry me, nor you, during this tour. I shall put my diamonds in the

bank here to-day, and forget every other worryment. I shall have nothing to think about but you—"

"And I sincerely hope I won't be your trouble now!" interrupted Ethel, with a smile.

"Oh, no, you are too young to be worried about beaux, and too old to get lost; you are just a comfort and pleasure to have, and I hope you may never have the burden of too much of this world's goods imposed upon you, as I have had. It's a hearty good wish, too, my dear."

"But wish me 'enough,' Miss Drucilla. It's very inconvenient to be 'wanting' all the time, too!"

"Well, I wish you 'enough,' and plenty, and I'll see that you have it; but I hope you will never be envious with 'not enough,' and always contented with 'a little.'"

The rest of Edith's trip with Miss Drucilla was delightful. They rested on the mountains and sailed on the lakes; and beside learning much geography and a deal of the society world in her journey, Edith learned in a great many ways that wealth does not always bring happiness; and she never again envied the possessor of riches after her experience through Miss Drucilla's diamonds. G. DE B.

The Home Circle.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 23.

"Rich gift of God! A year of time!"

WHITTIER.

DOES it seem so to you, reader? Can you take it up thankfully, resolved to do the best that is possible with it? What largess its long round of months may hold. Each day is a gift, bringing a responsibility with it—responsibility that none of us can evade. If it is not lived rightly, it can never be done over again in a better manner. Oh, the many, many days that we would recall if it were possible, and can only sadly regret! There is work of some kind for every one of us in these months that are coming, no matter how weak, or helpless, or poor, or humble, nor how little we can do—still there is something for each. For some, a great and noble, far-reaching work, that will warm the heart of the world to contemplate. For others, the steady, monotonous business life, or the quiet home duties, the "daily round," which is often so full of trial, and harder to do well than any other work. And for some it is apparently only to lie still, and do the work of learning and teaching patience.

Shall we each do that which is appointed us, in such a way that when this year is gathered to the others, in the garner of eternity, it will have yielded some fruit worthy the Master's acceptance? Remember that leaves and flowers, though beautiful to look at, are not lasting, and it is only the fruit that remains, to nourish and strengthen if good and perfect, or, if imperfect, to mildew and decay.

I have been thinking of friends who read this magazine last year, and wondering how many of them will read it again, and if they look for me in the old accustomed place, and will feel pleasure in finding me there. I trust so; and the thought quickens my pulses and my pen, and makes my hand stronger to write whatever message is sent through me. "Ethel" says, that they who can write should do it with a brave heart, and not be discouraged or shrink back because they think others can do better than they, for others cannot do *their* work. She thinks if we but cheer and help one heart, it is worth doing. I thank her for her words, for sometimes I have thought: have I really a message to give, or do I only imagine and write my own thoughts, vainly thinking that they may have some influence. And

sometimes during the last year, the shadows she speaks of have hung so darkly over the way, that it was hard to see the sunshine beyond; and often it was difficult to write cheerfully for others, when I could not feel so for myself.

I could not send my New Year thoughts in time to greet you at the opening of the year, for my mind was in too unquiet a state, and was too much engaged with pressing events to write at all. A new, important era in my life has been entered upon, and it is filled with new thoughts and scenes. In our new home, with Fred and Lizzie, my mother and I rest from the cares that have been too heavy a burden of late, and Roy has gone far away, where he can do much better than here. I am lighter-hearted now that I can see my mother free to rest and recuperate, for with an anxious heart I have watched the dear steps grow slower, and the frame more feeble with ill-health, while I, unable to help her, was harassed with anxiety and regret. Henceforth it will be such a pleasure to have her where her children can shield her from fatigue, and minister to her comfort. Ah, Roy! it seems hard that our comfort must be bought by giving you up; yet we know it is better for all. And now, with a mind more free from care, I hope to write with more ease and interest the pages through which I love to talk to dear friends, known and unknown.

We have exchanged the quiet little suburb, where the last four years have been spent, for a spot near the heart of the busy town, where the tides of life are daily coming and going. I lose the sight of hills, and woods, and rocky cliffs, so dear to me, exchanging it for that of neighboring cottages, a tall brick house here and there, and pretty flower-gardens and shade trees. I shall sadly miss the woods and hills, but there is something of interest to me always in whatever spot I may be. From my sofa, drawn across the bay-window of Lizzie's pretty sitting-room, I can watch the passers-by, and write or crochet when it is not too cold for my fingers to be employed, or we are not too busy talking. In the recess of the window, Lizzie's flowers and mine are arranged on steps, one row above another. The crimson foliage plant and luxuriant geraniums look beautiful in the bright sunlight. The Begonia is in bloom, and my own pet violets make the air sweet around me whenever their leaves are stirred. A pot of German ivy stands at one side of the window, reaching its slender branches up along the casement, and a beautiful calla lily, the gift of Floy, we are nursing up in the hope of its blooming at Easter.

When little Jessie comes home from school, she romps awhile with the little terrier, Snap, and then before dark sits down beside me and studies her spelling-lesson. She is a studious little girl, and learns so rapidly that it is a pleasure to her friends to watch her progress.

In the evening, a little circle gather around the fire, where the reading-stand is dawn up. Fred or mother read aloud an hour or two, while Snap sleeps on the rug, tucked up against Lizzie's dress. Jessie winds yarn for her grandma's never-ending stocking, or plays with her doll until sleepiness overtakes her. The bright fire-glow lights up walls, where pictured faces of those I love look down at me, and the fern-wreathed cross still hangs opposite my couch, to give me, now and then, a pleasant or profitable thought. On the foot of my sofa lie Whittier's poems. I have been reading some of them this winter, for the first time. I picked them up this morning, and read again these verses, from "My Psalm," which have taken such a hold on my deepest feelings:

"No longer forward, or behind,
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

"Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whoso'er my feet have served,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

LICHEN.

TO THE GIRLS.

YOUR girlhood is given you for glory and for beauty; its sweetness and freshness is one with the grace of the morning, one with the brightness of the springtime; something to stand hopeful and helpful in the hopelessness of the world, enough immaculate and divine to make all good seem firm reality. So, by its very beauty I wish to warn you from dust specks and from small disfigurements.

He spoke no fable, who has said: "Saturnian Jove from Glaucus took his wits, when he went about to change his suit of golden armor for a brazen one, and to give what was worth a hundred oxen for that which was worth but nine." You cannot change your golden armor for any lesser thing, and come from such dishonor just what you was before. The vengeance of the powers must surely follow you.

And, what I wish to have you do as well, comforting with your happy freshness, is to make it as fair, not in degree, but kind, for your own morning home-duties as for your evening pleasures. As I would have you in your fresh bows and crimps, so I would have you what you are not always—no morning without collar, or with uncombed hair; as I would have not one word less of all your merry, courteous sayings, so I would have you sit down to your sewing, with open book before you—poem, or song, or essay—to gather higher thoughts from higher minds, instead of thinking of yourself and your small, petty cares and vexations.

The Geeta says: "He who, performing the duties of life, and quitting all interest in them, placeth them upon Brahm, the Supreme, is not tainted by sin; but

remaineth like the leaf of the lotus, unaffected by the waters." So I would have your soul and mind as clear and untainted by the needful daily household work as lotus leaves in water. And I insist most strongly upon neat collars and morning-dresses, perhaps even more than upon the songs or books. Warner says something of a well-fitting coat and polished boots being necessary to the enjoyment of a glorious sunset, and from the same underlying principle I say that a clean collar and combed hair are indispensable to any girl in dusting rooms and washing dishes, if she would come from it not worse, but better.

I wish you had a higher sense of honor about these things! I wish you cared to look as pretty for yourself alone, as for the very choicest of your guests! (No danger of the old tragedy of poor Narcissus being repeated—who of you all would be so enamored as to pine to death seeing your faces in the glass of mornings!)

How can you look for respect and esteem when you do not esteem yourselves; and self-reverence is of the three roads that "lead life to sovereign power." I tell you solemnly and earnestly that you must know yourself to be genuine and true throughout, to your own soul as well as others, to stand up in the conscious dignity that is your girlhood's dower.

Let me urge it upon you in the name of all the love that others give; in the name of all your sweet instincts and ideal hopes; in the name of those mother's arms that years of nights folded you warm and lovingly, with prayers, that some day you might be true firelight and sunlight unto her, let me urge you to shine as home firelight, as well as outer sunlight.

"There are some difficulties in always being as presentable at home as—" I know them every one, and know, also, that if you are the girl I think you, with the queenly soul I believe in, that you can stab to death every one of those difficulties, and heartily despise yourself that you should ever dare, in your innermost thoughts, to call them strong!

You shall find, when you know you are just to yourself and worthy of honor, that others will know it, too; and even if they did not, you would find the truth of Plato's thought: "The value is intrinsic, though the just hide his justice from gods and men."

LOIS LAURIE.

THE PARLOR.

FROM time immemorial the "best room" or "parlor" has been a sacred institution in our household life. Again and again has war been made upon this institution as a costly and superfluous thing; kept for show, and not for use. The good man might not enter it with soiled boots, nor lounge at will upon its hair-cloth, its brocatelle or its velvet; and its doors were shut against the romping, happy children. Only for the use and pleasure of company, or for special occasions of home festivities, were its charms displayed, or the sources of comfort it held made manifest. All this, and more, has been urged against the parlor; but, so far, with little effect. Argument may be very clear and plausible, but if there remain an instinct in favor of a thing—if it meet a commonly recognized want—argument will not prevail against it. Several months ago I cut from a newspaper the following vindication of the parlor, which, I trust, Mr. Editor, you will give a place in your "Home Circle." It presents the claims of this time-honored institution fairly, and shows that it has a right to exist:

"It is a common thing, especially for men, whose active hours are spent away from home, to deride the idea of having the most elegant and tasteful room in

the house closed against common use, and kept sacred to callers and State occasions. Ten to one the man of the house considers morning-calls a fashionable bore, with no good reason for existing, and cordially hates all State occasions. The parlor strikes him as a cave of gloomy magnificence, kept not for comfort or use, but to gratify vanity and love of show. On rare occasions he may enjoy some festivity there for which no other place would be exactly fitted, but he soon forgets about that and thinks really the sitting room would do as well for any social affair that the family needs to have.

"But the woman who has taste and delicate sensibilities, and who is anxious that her domestic establishments should appear well in the eyes of visitors, feels that the parlor is indispensable. She must spend her time at home. There are her labors and her cares; there for the most part her hours of rest and refreshment. She has no club to go to, no other home to which she can escape when the toil and worry of the day are over. She may do her best to keep her house neat and in good condition, but the rooms of common use will get disordered. Children are ingenious in the promiscuous distribution of playthings and derangement of furniture; they are thoughtless of appearances, and cannot be made otherwise without being made unhappy. The sitting-room is in constant use, and it is impossible to preserve in it the gloss of elegance. Curtains will get worn, carpets faded and furniture shabby; and what with the children's pranks and the housemaid's carelessness, fine ornaments and objects of beauty are hardly safe in a common sitting-room. It may be made cozy and comfortable, and have some sort of barbaric splendor even; but the exacting taste and desire for freshness and neatness of the model lady of the house, demand something different from this.

"Is it a wonder that she would have the parlor kept sacred from every-day intrusion? That she would have one room in which a rich carpet may be preserved in its richness, in which curtains may always be fresh and furniture look like new, and in which pictures and ornaments will be safe from domestic vandals? It is a pardonable pride that leads her to desire such a room in which to receive her guests, who might not always be sufficiently considerate and charitable towards the inevitable disorder of a common room. It is natural for her to desire some such elegant and tasteful retreat when she is wearied with the cares of the household and longs for rest and refreshment. There she may get away for an hour from the fret and the worry, and feel revived and renewed.

"And those State occasions, are they not worth while? The festivities of a Christmas Eve, amid tasteful surroundings, and in a room whose elegance, however unpretending and inexpensive, is something different from the hackneyed and every-day commonplace, may contribute largely to the pleasant memories of a lifetime. Is it not well for the children to be admitted now and then to a room which will have the charm of novelty, and convey an impression of elegance and splendor? Will it not cultivate taste and develop the æsthetic instincts? It seems, after all, when we consider the plea in defense of the parlor, that its right to exist has been vindicated, and that it has its uses.

ELSIE.

RUSSIA leather is the skin of the horse or calf tanned with the bark of the birch, which gives it that peculiar smell which is so grateful to the senses, and seems to preserve it from the attacks of insects.

AUNT HATTIE'S SERMON.

A CALLER had just departed, leaving but two occupants in the pretty parlor of Mrs. Randall; one an elderly lady, sweet of face and manner; the other the owner of the little room, a young, fair-featured lady of evident refinement.

"Well, auntie mine," inquired the latter, after the few moments of silence following the departure of their visitor, "how did you like Mrs. Whitney?"

"I thought she was quite a pleasant lady," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Indeed! Did you not notice her ridiculous affectation of manner? She endeavors to put on great airs and graces, we all think; yet she is tolerated, and really liked, too, by a certain class, as she is very kind in her way. Some people say that that peculiar drawl with which she ornaments her words is perfectly natural to her; but I am inclined to think otherwise. Doesn't she dress in horrible taste? Why, her boots were absolutely alabby; and yet yesterday I met her while out shopping, and found her just paying for a pair of shoes for that young imp of an Irish Teddy who lives down in the alley, while he stood near beaming all over his broad, chubby, freckled face with delight; his father, Mr. O'Brian, has nearly a dozen olive branches to furnish with buttermilk and 'prataties,' and their understandings get neglected, I fancy, by the looks of their bare, brown feet. But what makes you look so thoughtful, auntie—almost sad, even?"

"My dear niece," said the elder lady, gravely, "I do not like to say what I feel it is my duty to you to say; but it is through kindest love I wish to speak. You have always been like a dear daughter to me ever since your father brought his poor, motherless bairn to me to care for; under that care you grew to be a woman, and endowed with more virtues and fewer faults than are many. Charlie Randall saw and loved you. So, with a pang, I saw the sunshine of my old-maid home vanish to brighten another hearthstone. In this, my first visit to you, in a strange place, among strange people, I have watched you with a mother's careful eye—for love is not blind, my dear girl, although poets would have it so. No, true love is far-sighted, clear-sighted; and in these three years of absence, I can see much to approve, but little to correct. Your love for your husband is still tender and true, and you are developing into a ripe, cultured, patient, Christian gentlewoman—blessings on that obsolete old title. But in the few weeks I have been here—forgive me, dear—you have showed a growing spirit of censoriousness that surprised and grieved me, it seemed so foreign to your kind nature. It is doubtless a habit you have unknowingly formed, and which now you can subdue, but, if cherished, it may render you and those you love miserable. Excuse me for speaking so plainly; a harsh remedy proves a cure for certain diseases. I have noticed that in your comments on the ladies who have visited you, or been visited by you, your neighbors, acquaintances, friends, you have in every instance, I believe, made some unkind, uncharitable remark about them in various ways, passing over their virtues with but slight, if any, mention, and dwelling on their faults or peculiarities. One was extravagant, another parsimonious, another too formal and precise, or coarse and bold.

"My dear Carrie, the nearer perfection we are ourselves, the less will we be likely to dwell on the faults of others. There is a germ of good in every human heart, some latent nobleness, I believe, in every breast, and it would be more Christ-like to see the

little good and wait until our own hearts and lives are pure, beautiful and free from sin, before we cast the first stone; we can better use the time we would spend in uncharitably criticizing our neighbors, in striving to eradicate the foul weeds from our own heart-gardens, and planting therein seeds of Christian love and fellowship.

"Why, if every one lived up to that grand, old sermon of Paul's on Charity, we should have a little heaven on earth. How could he make its language any stronger when he says, though he speaks with an angel's tongue, and can prophesy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; though he has faith so he could remove mountains, and gives his goods to the poor and his body to be burned; even then, if he possesses not that rare, sweet gift of charity, 'I am nothing,' he declares. Then he defines this charity—and a wonderful definition it is, sufficient of itself to make its author famous, as the world terms fame. 'Charity never faileth; suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not, vaunteth not itself; thinketh no evil, and it beareth, believeth, hopeth and endureth all things.'"

"O auntie!" cried Mrs. Randall, tearfully, "what a perfect little beast I have been, unconsciously, making of myself. Hereafter, I will try and educate my heart, that it may be a fitting abode for this fair charity. I thank you heartily for the mirror you have held before my eyes, compelling me to see myself in such an unlovely garb. In the future I will try to 'throw stones' only at my own 'glass house.'"

ALMA.

OH, TELL ME NOT.

OH, tell me not the land of light,
The realm of perfect bliss,
The world where dwell our loved and lost
Is far away from this!

When "only waiting" on this side,
They do not deem it far;
For, oh, they see, we know full well,
The golden gates ajar.

And when the portals backward swing,
To let the pilgrims in,
We do not see the glory bright,
Because our eyes are dim.

'Tis "just beyond," 'tis "over there,"
The loved of God abide.

No shadowy valley lies between,
No darkly-rolling tide.

S. J. J.

IDEAL.

UPON sublime, self-sacrificing heights
I see thee throned, grand, calm and full of peace;

Far, far above the chilling mist that blights
The joys that selfishness would fain increase;

A song is on thy lips—it doth not cease
Through all the din of wild and turbulent men,
But its sweet rise and fall is heard again

Whene'er the noise of tumult dies away,
And many long and listen for the strain

That tells of brightness in some future day.

Pure as the thoughts of thine own stainless heart,

Soft as the zephyr-tones among the trees,

Of thine own gentleness the gentlest part,

Yet granted power the strongest soul to please—

How dear thy music, and how sweet its spell,

Only thy kindred seraph minds can tell.

MARY HELEN BOODEY.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

TO LICHEN.

ONLY three tiny flowers, with pretty green leaves—yet, how much it tells me! While I look upon them they seem to grow and change, until I have an angel in each tiny petal. They lift their faces—the dear, little faces, so full of God's love and thoughtfulness—to mine, telling me how He careth for His own always, and leadeth them ever upward—"upward to the day," telling me, too, of another, a far-away friend, who sends this little knot of flowers as a white-winged messenger from her sunny, Southern home, to tell me all is well there. I welcome it most gladly, for I dearly love all flowers. Though mute and voiceless to many, they are eloquent with meaning to me, and cheer and strengthen me amid all life's petty cares and trials.

It seems to me a cowardly heart that can lose faith or hope while flowers bud and blossom; for, surely, He who cares for them will much more care for us; and, oh, how He must love us, when He gives us so many of these bright stars of earth, letting them blossom everywhere, by palace or hovel, in the valleys and upon the mountain-top, in the broad meadows and beautiful forests, and along the dusty roadside; by homes of joy and mirth, by the sick-bed and by the silent homes, where rest the earth-forms of those who have gone on with Him—gone to that other home, where the flowers are still more beautiful, and fade not, nor die. Ministering angels are they, and we gather them close to our hearts in joy for them and the work they are ever so silently doing.

I wonder, sometimes, if, among the first familiar things we find in the beautiful home above, there will not be flowers, such as we have known here—fragrant roses, tender violets, purple pansies, dear little forget-me-nots, nodding lilac-plumes and lilies, lilies of the valley, so modest and good in their lowly beauty; queenly water-lilies, lilies with great, pure depths of white, such as He must oft have gathered upon the hills of Judea and along the Galilean shore. Surely, the sight of these, and the warm hand-clasp of those we early loved and lost, would make sweet welcome for us, and our happy songs would swell the glad chorus the angels sing around the throne where all is love and peace.

You, my dear, unseen friend, must have received much from the flowers in the long years in which you have lain in pain, at His bidding, and watched the sweet hopes of youth, as, one by one, they faded away. I cannot doubt they have done their part in bringing to you the peace and rest you now know. I, who know something of the way your feet have trod; something of the pain and sufferings, the weary waiting, am thankful for every ray of sunlight that comes to you; for every flower which opens to cheer you; for every happy bird which sings of love and hope along your life-path. I shall ever think tenderly and prayerfully of you; shall think of you when I think of flowers and all the beautiful things which grow along the way of life; shall pray that the angels may ever be near you, and give you the deep and abiding peace of those whose hearts are with the Lord, who trust Him and fear not, though clouds and darkness come thickly. It will all be right in the morning—that morning, whose first gleaming already lights the eastern sky, and whose coming is not far away for those who wait in patient love, and waiting, work with hands which weary not in well-doing, but do His service with gladness.

EARNEST.

Evenings with the Poets.

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS! violets! bring me blue violets!
 Violets wild as my own mountain air;
 Bring them from shadow-nook,
 Down by the meadow-brook,
 Some for my bosom and some for my hair.

Violets! violets! bring me blue violets!
 Violets wet with the sweet shining dew;
 Low where the zephyrs pass,
 Gay o'er the growing grass,
 Lift they their faces, love, waiting for you.

Violets! violets! bring me blue violets!
 Violets fresh from the shadowy woods;
 Life holds them slenderly,
 Gather them tenderly;
 I would have no other gems if I could.

Violets! violets! bring me blue violets!
 Violets bright from the far-forest gloom;
 She of the golden hair
 Sought for them everywhere,
 Only to garland herself for the tomb.

So they are dear to me, timid, wild violets!
 Dearer than diamonds the costliest are;
 Bring them with tender hand
 Up from the shadow-land,
 Some for my bosom, and some for my hair.

MRS. HESTER A. BENEDICT.

MAUD AND MADGE.

MAUD, in crimson velvet chair,
 Strings her pearls on a silken thread,
 While, lovingly lifting her golden hair,
 Soft airs wander about her head.

She has silken robes of the softest flow,
 She has jewels rare, and a chain of gold,
 And her two white hands flit too and fro,
 Fair as the dainty toys they hold.

She has tropical birds and rare perfumes;
 Pictures that speak to the heart and eye;
 For her each flower of the Orient blooms,
 For her the song of the lute swell high;
 But daintily stringing her gleaming pearls,
 She dreams to-day in her velvet chair,
 While the sunlight sleeps in her golden curls,
 Lightly stirred by the odorous air.

Down on the beach, when the tide goes out,
 Madge is gathering shining shells;
 The sea-breeze blows her locks about;
 O'er bare, brown feet the white sand swells.

Coarsest serge is her gown of gray,
 Faded and torn her apron blue,
 And there in the beautiful, dying day,
 The girl still thinks of the work to do.

Stains of labor are on her hands,
 Lost is the young form's airy grace;
 And standing there on the shining sands,
 You read her fate in her weary face.

Up with the dawn to toil all day
 For meagre fare and a place to sleep;
 Seldom a moment to dream or play,
 Little leisure to laugh or weep.

Beautiful Maud, you think, maybe,
 Lying back in your velvet chair,
 There is naught in common 'twixt her and thee;
 You scarce could breathe in the self-same air.
 But, ah! the blood in her girlish heart
 Leaps quick as yours at her nature's call,
 And ye, though moving so far apart,
 Must share one destiny after all.

Love shall come to you both one day,
 For still must be what aye hath been;
 And under satin or russet gray,
 Hearts will open to let him in.
 Motherhood, with its joy and woe,
 Each must compass through burning pain—
 You, fair Maud, with your brow of snow,
 Madge with her brown hands labor-stained.

Each shall sorrow, and each shall weep,
 Though one is in hovel, one in hall;
 Over your gold the frost shall creep,
 And over her jet the snows shall fall.
 Exquisite Maud, you lift your eyes
 At Madge out yonder under the sun;
 And yet, I trow, by the countless ties
 Of a common womanhood ye are one.

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

OVER THE SEA.

O BOAT of my lover, go softly, go safely;
 O boat of my lover that bears him from me!
 From the homes of the clachan, from the burn
 singing sweetly,
 From the loch and the mountain that he'll never
 more see.

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
 Thou bearest my soul with thee over the tide.
 I said not a word, but my heart it was breaking,
 For life is so short, and the ocean so wide.

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
 Though the dear voice is silent, the kind hand is
 gone;

But, oh, love me, my lover, and I'll live till I find
 thee,

Till our parting is over, and our dark days are done.
 MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

THERE'S a turned-down page, as some writer says,
 In every human life;
 A hidden store of happier days,
 Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world knows not—
 A love dream rudely crushed;
 The sight of a face that is not forgot,
 Although the voice be hushed.

The far distant sounds of a harp's soft strings,
 An echo on the air;
 The hidden page may be full of such things,
 Of things that once were fair.

There is a hidden page in each life, and mine
 A story might unfold,
 But the end was sad of the dream divine—
 It had better rest untold.

Temperance Department.

LICENSE A FAILURE AND A DISGRACE.*

FOR over two hundred years in this country, and for a much longer period of time in Great Britain and some of the countries of Continental Europe, attempts have been made to protect the people against the evils of intemperance by restrictive liquor laws. But as these laws were permissive and not prohibitory, the evil was not restrained. Nay, its larger growth came as the natural consequence of such laws, for they not only gave to a few men in every community the right to live and grow rich by doing all in their power to increase the evil, but threw around them the protection of the State; so leaving the people powerless in their hands.

The history of all restrictive laws which have stopped short of absolute prohibition, is a history of the saddest of failures, and shows that to license an evil is to increase its power.

Judge Robert C. Pitman, in his "Alcohol and the State," an exceedingly valuable discussion of the "Problem of Law as Applied to the Liquor Traffic," gives an instructive history of the license laws of Massachusetts from early colonial times down to the year 1877. The experience of Massachusetts is that of every other community, State or nation, which has sought to repress drunkenness and its attendant evils by the enactment of license laws; and we ask the reader's earnest and candid consideration of the facts we shall here present.

As early as 1636, an effort was made in the Old Colony to lessen intemperance by the passage of a restrictive law, declaring "That none be suffered to retail wine, strong water or beer, either within doors or without, except in inns or victualing-houses allowed." That this law did not lessen the evil of drunkenness is plain from the fact that, in 1646, in the preamble to a new liquor law it was declared by the Massachusetts colony that, "Forasmuch as drunkenness is a vice to be abhorred of all nations, especially of those who hold out and profess the Gospel of Christ, and seeing any strict law will not prevail unless the cause be taken away, it is, therefore, ordered by this Court,"—What? Entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks? No. Only, "That no merchant, cooper or any other person whatever, shall, after the first day of the first month, sell any wine under one-quarter of a cask, neither by quart, gallon or any other measure, but only such taverns as are licensed to sell by the gallon." And in order still further to protect and encourage the publican in his vested and exclusive right, it was further enacted that, "Any taverners or other persons who shall inform against any transgressor, shall have one-half of the fines for his encouragement." This law contained a section which forbids any person licensed "to sell strong waters, or any private housekeeper to permit any person to sit drinking or tipping strong waters, wine or strong beer in their houses."

Still the evil of drunkenness went on increasing under the license system, until, in 1692, we find in a preamble to certain more stringent laws for the regulation of the traffic, this sad confession: "And forasmuch as the ancient, true and principal use of inns,

taverns, ale-houses, victualing-houses and other houses for common entertainment is for receipt, relief and lodging of travelers and strangers, and the refreshment of persons on lawful business. * * * And not for entertainment and harboring of lewd or idle people to spend or consume their time or money there; therefore, to prevent the mischief and great disorders happening daily by abuse of such houses, It is further enacted," etc.—not prohibition of the sale; but further restrictions and penalties. How far these restrictions and penalties were effective, appears from the statute of 1695, in the preamble of which is a complaint that divers persons who had obtained license to sell liquor to be taken away and not drunk in their houses, did, notwithstanding, "give entertainment to persons to sit drinking and tipping there," while others who "have no license at all are yet so hardy as to run upon the law," to the "great increase of drunkenness and other debaucheries."

These colonial fathers, in their efforts to lessen the evil of drinking by restrictive license, for which a fee to the State was required, opened a door for the unlicensed dram-shop, which was then, as it is now, one of the worst forms of the liquor traffic, because it is in the hands of more unscrupulous persons, too many of whom are of the lowest and vilest class, and whose tipping-houses are dens of crime and infamy as well as drunkenness.

How this was in the colony of Massachusetts under license in 1695, is seen above, and further appears in this recital taken from the statute to further limit the spread of drunkenness, wherein it refers to "divers ill-disposed and indigent persons, the pains and penalties in the laws already made not regarding, who are so hardy as to presume to sell and retail strong beer, ale, cider, sherry wine, rum or other strong liquors or mixed drinks, and to keep common tipping-houses, thereby harboring and entertaining apprentices, Indians, negroes and other idle and dissolute persons, tending to the ruin and impoverishment of families, and all in pieties and debaucheries, and if detected are unable to pay their fine." All such were sentenced to the whipping-post.

Three years later, the curse of the licensed traffic had so augmented that another effort was made for its regulation by the enactment of a new and more comprehensive law, entitled, "An Act for the Inspecting and Suppressing of Disorders in Licensed Houses."

How successful the good people of Massachusetts were in holding in check and regulating the evil which they had clothed with power by license, appears in the preamble to a new Act passed in 1711, "For reclaiming the over great number of licensed houses, many of which are chiefly used for revelling and tipping, and become nurseries of intemperance and debauchery, indulged by the masters and keepers of the same for the sake of gain."

So it went on, from bad to worse, under the Colonial Government, until 1787, when the State constitution was adopted. To what a frightful magnitude the evil of drunkenness, provided for and fostered by license, had grown, appears from an entry in the diary of John Adams, under date of February 29th, 1760, in which he says that few things were "so fruitful of destructive evils" as "licensed houses." They had become, he declares, "the eter-

* From "Strong Drink; the Curse and the Cure." Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia.

nal haunts of loose, disorderly people of the town, which renders them offensive and unfit for the entertainment of any traveler of the least delicacy." * * * "Young people are tempted to waste their time and money, and to acquire habits of intemperance and idleness, that we often see reduce many to beggary and vice, and lead some of them, at least, to prison and the gallows."

In entering upon her career as a State, Massachusetts continued the license system, laying upon it many prudent restrictions, all of which were of no avail, for the testimony is complete as to the steady increase of drunkenness, crime and debauchery.

Writing to Mr. Rush, in 1811, John Adams says: "Fifty-three years ago I was fired with a zeal, amounting to enthusiasm, against ardent spirits, the multiplication of taverns, retailers, dram-shops and tipping-houses. Grieved to the heart to see the number of idlers, thieves, sots and consumptive patients made for the physicians in these infamous seminaries, I applied to the Court of Sessions, procured a Committee of Inspection and Inquiry, reduced the number of licensed houses, etc., but I only acquired the reputation of a hypocrite and an ambitious demagogue by it. The number of licensed houses was soon reinstated; drams, grog and sopping were not diminished, and remain to this day as deplorable as ever."

In 1816, so demoralized had the sentiment of the people become, and so strong the liquor interest of the State, that the saving provision in the license laws, which limited the sale of liquor to inns and taverns, was repealed, and licenses were granted to common victualers, "who shall not be required to furnish accommodations" for travelers; and also to confectioners on the same terms as to inn-keepers; that is, to sell and to be drunk on the premises. This change in the license laws of Massachusetts was declared, by Judge Aldrich, in 1867, to be "one of the most fruitful sources of crime and vice that ever existed in this Commonwealth."

Up to as late as 1832, attempts were continued to patch up and amend the license laws of the State; after that they were left, for a time, to do their evil work, all efforts to make them anything but promoters of drunkenness, crime and poverty being regarded as fruitless.

"Miserable in principle," says Judge Pitman, "license laws were found no less inefficient in practice." Meantime, the battle against the liquor traffic had been going on in various parts of the State. In 1835, a law was secured by which the office of county commissioner (the licensing authority) was made an elective office; heretofore it had been held by appointment. This gave the people of each county a local control over the liquor question, and in the very first year the counties of Plymouth and Bristol elected boards committed to the policy of no license. Other counties followed this good example; and to bar all questions of the right to refuse every license by a county, the power was expressly conferred by a law passed in 1837.

The good results were immediately apparent in all places where license to sell intoxicating drinks was refused. After a thorough investigation of the matter, the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature reported the evidence to be "perfectly incontrovertible, that the good order and the physical and moral welfare of the community had been promoted by refusing to license the sale of ardent spirits; and that, although the laws have been and are violated to some extent in different places, the practice soon becomes disreputable, and hides itself from the public eye by shrinking into obscure and dark places; that noisy and

tumultuous assemblies in the streets and public quarrels cease where license is refused; and that pauperism has very rapidly diminished from the same cause."

An attempt to prohibit entirely the retail liquor traffic was made in 1838, by the passage of what was known as the "Fifteen-Gallon Law," which forbade the sale of spirituous liquors in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, which had to be "carried away all at one time;" except by apothecaries and practicing physicians, who might sell for use in the arts and for medicinal purposes.

But this law remained in operation only a year and a half; when, in concession to the liquor interest of the State, which had been strong enough to precipitate a political revolution, and get its own men in the Legislature, it was repealed.

"But the State," says Judge Pitman, "while the memory of license was fresh, was not to fall again under its sway. The struggle for local prohibition was at once renewed, and in a few years license had ceased throughout the Commonwealth. The statement may surprise many; but I have the authority of the city clerk of Boston for saying, that 'no licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors were granted in Boston between 1841 and 1852.' * * * And so the chapter of license was apparently closed. It had not only had its 'day,' but its centuries in court; and the well-nigh unanimous verdict was: 'disgrace—failure.'"

So strong was this conviction in the minds of the people of Massachusetts, that Governor Bullock, in 1861, while acting as chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, gave it expression in these notable words: "It may be taken as the solemnly declared judgment of the people of the Commonwealth, that the principle of 'licensing the traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and thus giving legal sanction to that which is regarded in itself as an evil, is no longer admissible in morals or in legislation.'"

But in 1838, adverse influences prevailed, and after all her sad and disgraceful experience, Massachusetts abandoned her prohibition of the traffic and went back to license again; but the evil consequences began to show themselves so quickly that the law was repealed in less than a year.

Governor Claflin, in his message to the Legislature, in January, 1869, thus speaks of the effect of the new license law: "The increase of drunkenness and crime during the last six months, as compared with the same period of 1867, is very marked and decisive as to the operation of the law. The State prisons, jails and houses of correction are being rapidly filled, and will soon require enlarged accommodation if the commitments continue to increase as they have since the present law went in force."

While the chaplain of the State prison in his annual report for 1868, says: "The prison never was so full as at the present time. If the rapidly-increasing tide of intemperance, so greatly swollen by the present wretched license law, is suffered to rush on unchecked, there will be a fearful increase of crime, and the State must soon extend the limits of the prison, or create another."

This law was repealed, as we have seen. A year of its bitter fruit was enough for the people.

But, strange to say, after all she has suffered from license laws, the old Bay State has again submitted to the yoke, and is once more in the hands of the great liquor interest. In 1874, she drifted out from the safe harbor of prohibition, and we find her, today, on the stormy and storm-wrecked sea of license. A miserable attempt has been made by the friends of this law to show that its action has been

salutary in Boston, the headquarters of the liquor power, in the diminution of dram-shops and arrests for drunkenness. Water may run up hill in Boston; but it obeys the law of gravitation in other places. We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from this extract from the report of the License Commissioners of that city, made February 1st, 1877: "It must be admitted that the business of liquor-selling in this city is, to a very large extent, in the hands of irresponsible men and women, whose idea of a license law ends with the simple matter of paying a certain sum, the amount making but little difference to them, provided they are left to do as they please after payment. Besides the saloons and bar-rooms, which are open publicly, the traffic in small grocery stores, in cellars and in dwelling-houses, in some parts of the city, is almost astounding. The Sunday trade is enormous, and it seems as if there were not hours enough in the whole round of twenty-four, or days enough in the entire week to satisfy the dealers."

The experience of Massachusetts is, as we have already said, the experience of every community, State or nation in which an effort has been made to abridge the evils of intemperance by licensing the dram-shop.

And to whom and to what class of citizens does the State accord, under license, the privilege of making gain out of the people's loss? For whom is every interest in the nation taxed and every industry hurt? For whom are the houses of the poor made poorer, and the supply of bread diminished? For whom are a crime-assaulted and pauper-ridden people driven to build jails, and poor-houses, and insane asylums, and maintain courts and juries and a vast army of police, at the cost of millions of dollars every year?

For great benefactors to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude? For men who are engaged in great industrial or commercial enterprises? Promoters of education? Leaders in the great march of civilization? Even if this were so, better not to have accepted the service than pay for it at so fearful a cost.

Who and what are these men?—this great privileged class? Let us see. In Boston, we have the testimony of the License Commissioners that liquor-selling is in the hands of "irresponsible men and women," who pay a license for the privilege of doing "as they please after payment." And for the maintenance of these "irresponsible" men and women in their right to corrupt and degrade the people, a forced tax is laid on every bit of property and every interest in the great city of Boston! What was the tax on tea to this? And yet, Boston patiently submits!

Is it better in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago or any other of our large cities? Not a whit! In some it is worse, even, than in the capital of the old Bay State. In one of these last-mentioned cities, where, under the license system so dear to politicians, and for which they are chiefly responsible, between seven and eight thousand places in which liquor is sold at retail exist, an effort was made in 1876 to ascertain the character and antecedents of every person engaged in dram-selling. We are not able to say how carefully or thoroughly the investigation was pursued, but it was in the hands of those who meant that it should be complete and accurate. One fact elicited was, that the proportion of native-born citizens to the whole number engaged in the business was less than one-sixth. Another was, that over six thousand of these dram-sellers belonged to the criminal class, and had suffered im-

prisonment, some for extended terms, in the State prison. And another was, that nearly four thousand of the drinking-places which had been established under the fostering care of State license laws were houses of ill-fame as well! Comment is unnecessary.

We cannot lessen the evil nor abate the curse of drunkenness so long as we license a traffic, which, from its essential hostility to all the best interests of society, naturally falls into the hands of our worst citizens, who persistently violate every salutary and restrictive feature in the laws which give their trade a recognized existence.

What then? Is there any remedy short of Prohibition? We believe not.

THE FEARFUL POWER OF APPETITE.

THOSE in whom an appetite for alcoholic drinks has never been formed, can have no true conception of its overmastering strength. Charles Lamb, who fell a victim to this appetite, thus deplores the awful slavery into which he had fallen:

"The waters have gone over me," he writes. "But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking towards this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the death, out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

You have the sad and solemn picture before you, reader, drawn with a startling power of representation. If you are toying with the treacherous enemy, who is but waiting for the opportunity to spring upon and enslave you, escape from him quickly. Shut him away from your favor and confidence. Touch not, taste not. None are absolutely safe, assured as they may feel of their own strength and power of self-control, so long as they tamper with a substance which never does good to the body, but always harm, and which never ceases its effort to debase the appetite and enslave the will, until it has the complete mastery.

PROHIBITION.

IN a paper read before the "National Prohibition Conference," last summer, Rev. Joseph Cummings said:

"In discussing the question as to the right policy of government relative to the traffic in intoxicating drinks, it is not necessary to ask whether this is a proper subject for legislation. This is conceded, as it is evident that it affects man's social relations and the interests of society. Moreover, it has been a subject of legislation from the earliest ages in which we have the records of government. In our country, laws have been made relative to it from the origin of our institutions. The complicated relations of our

National and State Governments present no obstacle, and the highest court in the land has decided that the States have full power to regulate the traffic or prohibit it. The only question relative to the policy of the Government is not, Shall there be legislation? but, What *kind* of legislation? Our decision of this question should be in accordance with our views of the business. If it is a blessing to society and essential to its welfare; if happiness, intelligence and moral and spiritual culture are promoted by it; if dram-shops, as well as churches and school-houses, are essential to the welfare of a community, and tend to promote the security of property and life, then the traffic should be protected, encouraged and treated as other forms of beneficial trade. Let the rum-seller be respected as a benefactor, as all good merchants are.

If the business has peculiarities requiring special laws, let them be given and enforced. On the other hand, if the traffic in intoxicating drink as a beverage is an evil and a curse; if it causes to individuals a loss of property and injury to health; if it renders them unmindful of the duties connected with the various relations of life; if it debases the intellect and depraves morals; if it causes poverty, sorrow, shame and misery to families; if it increases public burdens, renders taxes heavier; if it makes property and life insecure; if it makes necessary an increase of poor-houses, prisons, hospitals and asylums—if, in short, while it renders no real good, it is a source of misery and crime, an unquestionable evil, then prohibit it. No other policy than prohibition would seem to have any consistency or righteousness.

Health Department.

A CURE FOR DELICATE GIRLS.

THE average American girl cannot, as a rule, boast of sound health. She takes too little exercise in the open air; is too idle and self-indulgent; too fond of exciting pleasures that waste the nervous energy; and too indolent and aimless to have sound health, either mentally or physically. To all this there are exceptions, of course; but it is to be regretted that they bear so small a proportion to the rule. What is to be done about it? A writer in the *Lady's Journal* suggests, in the following imaginary case, one of the directions in which reform might begin:

"Do tell me, doctor," says a distressed mother, "what I can do for my poor child. She neither eats nor sleeps; she has lost her vivacity as well her appetite, and is so low-spirited, it makes me weep to look at her. I cannot induce her to go out and walk, or distract herself in any way; she only cares to lay on the sofa and read. Now, do advise me, doctor. Would you recommend a course of gymnastics, or riding-lessons, or this new exercise, the 'Lift Cure'? Do say something that will relieve my anxiety."

"Nothing is easier, my dear madam," replies the gray-haired physician, somewhat gruffly "If your Katie will follow my directions (but I know, in advance, she won't), I promise to cure her up at once. Low-spirited, you say; no appetite—dyspepsia, I suppose, and all the rest of it. Low-spirited—I don't doubt it, if she spends her days on the sofa, reading the trashy novels that are so popular now. What are our women coming to? Now, madam, if you want my advice, I'll give it to you. Don't throw away your money upon any useless gymnastics or riding-lessons, but make your daughter stir herself a little about the house—ten to one she's only suffering from indolence. Send away your up-stairs girl and make Katie take her place—pay her good wages, if you can't get her to work on other terms—you'd better do that than to give your money to Lift, or other cures."

"Do housework!" gasps the astonished mother, when she can crowd in a word. "Is the man a brute?" she inwardly reflects. "Why, you must be crazy. Why, Katie is so weak she cannot exert herself at all. Sweeping and bed-making would kill her."

"Just what I told you," said the doctor, with twinkling eyes. "No woman has faith in a remedy that costs nothing. They can't be influenced by common sense. Katie is so weak, she can do nothing, yet

excites her brain all day with sensation novels; cannot dust her room, oh, no, yet could bear being jolted on a horse for an hour or more daily. And, pray, how is it harder to give a mattress a toss over, than to pitch bean-bags or exercise with dumb-bells? I tell you what, madam, I'm disgusted with this die-away, languid generation. Did the women of good old '76 ever grow thin and puny for no reason at all? No, indeed; dyspepsia and nervous complaints—excuses for idleness, the half of them—gymnasiums and 'Lift Cures' were unknown in those days. Just let your Katie do one-third of the work that probably her mother, but certainly her grandmother, did, and I'll promise you will hear no more complaints of ill-health."

And, was the doctor right, or was he, as the elegant Mrs. L—— termed him, sweeping out of his office, an "unsympathizing brute?" Judging from my own experience as a delicate woman, I should say he was right in many respects. Surely, it cannot be well for our fragile, nervous girls, with their highly-wrought imaginations to spend their days over sensational novels, to the exclusion of physical exercise, and literary development of a higher order. Nothing can be more fatiguing to the brain, if they, like me, are unable to lay down the volume before seeing "how it ends," although very profitable, perhaps, to the publisher of the novel.

And for physical fatigue a girl who, as the doctor says, is capable of exercising with bean-bags and dumb-bells, is surely strong enough to make a bed. I have known girls who were "too weak" to be of the slightest assistance in the house, and spent their days on the sofa, with or without the novel, yet would revive at night for a ball, where they would dance for hours, apparently without pain or fatigue. Certainly, there is an excitement about dancing or riding that one would not find in homely sweeping or bed-making; but, as we are told to be good, and we'll be happy, we may at last succeed in finding some pleasure in keeping our rooms in the perfection of order, giving the bed that unruffled appearance that only long practice can command, draping the curtains artistically, and placing the dishes on the dinner-table as they should be, not thrown on "any way," as they appear when only Bridget's hands have dealt with them; and if a little vase of flowers, or even a low dish of cool green or bright-tinted leaves can form the centre-piece, it will be a delight to the eye.

If our young ladies are not too grand to wash the

dishes—always the duty of the mistress in olden times, when women had valuable china—they could not be more healthfully employed; a vapor-bath on a small scale, and free of expense.

How much better if, in these hard times, when papa's salary is reduced, and two servants take the place of three, or perhaps only one is left to do the entire work, if our pale-cheeked maidens would lay aside their purposeless fancy-work and relieve the

house of a little of this burden of care. I am sure there would be fewer doctor's bills, and less demand for tonics. When Katie has made her bed, she will, I think, feel an appetite for her lunch that will demand no preliminary elixir of calisaya or iron pill to encourage it.

This is, they say, the year of reform. Must all the reform be confined to politics? Why not let it commence at home?

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FASHION presents us with three new designs for overdresses this season.

One of these designs has a deep yoke, which is slightly pointed at the back, where there is a cluster of plaits that extend half the depth of the back, to be supplemented by still other plaits arranged beneath to complete its length. In the front the plaits extend across the bust, and are narrowed at the waist, where they are crossed by an easy belt or fold, only to widen again as they approach the bottom, to be again crossed by another fold. This is a style suitable alike to the thin and the stout lady, as it rounds out the figure of the one and gives the effect of slenderness to the other.

The second overdress or polonaise is double-breasted, with double points in the lower front edges, and has cross-folds laid in the side gores to suggest the "panel" effect, and the deep back is gracefully draped by under-tapes. A rolling-collar and deep cuff-facings complete the dress, which may or may not be trimmed otherwise than with handsome buttons.

The third design has a triplet of plaits laid across quite high up in front, so that they conceal the termination of the front closing buttons, and the end of the simulated vest which overlies the bust.

A new model for a wrapper is made double-breasted, with a full back, which falls from under a short basque back. It has a belt which buttons in front, but does not cross the basque back. It may be made of opera flannel, serge, cashmere or other suitable goods. A new material for wrappers is a lady's cloth that is plaided or blocked in another shade of the same color.

For skating-costumes the favorite skirt model is the kilt-plaited one, with a warm coat, jacket or basque. The kilt skirt not being decorated, except it be sometimes in flat braids, folds or gallons laid on in lines before the plaits are pressed, it does not prove a heavy garment, unless the fabric be over-thick. The skating-dress should be a little shorter than the ordinary promenade-dress. A plain skirt is sometimes preferred to the kilt. The skater wears a felt hat with long plumes, a turban with a wing or a fur cap.

Seal skin sacks are longer and shapelier this season than heretofore. In full trimmings, for young ladies, chinchilla bands and a wide Russian collar of the same are among the recent attractive finishings for a seal-skin garment. Fur-lined cloaks and wraps of silk-faced *matelassé*, and other heavy goods, are very much worn.

New Publications.

Echoes from Mist-Land; or, The Nibelungen Lay, revealed to Lovers of Romance and Chivalry. By Auber Forestier. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. The Nibelungen-Lied is to German literature what the epics of Homer were to Grecian. It dates back almost to a pre-historic literary period; its author is unknown, and it is probably a reproduction and collection of still earlier songs. It belongs to a time when bards and minstrels told the deeds of heroes in verse, and set them to music. It is simple, yet grand, giving the reader a glimpse of those characteristics of the people of the Germany of the Middle Ages, which are yet retained by their descendants. Auber Forestier has rendered this grand German epic poem, in plain English verse, yet with such fidelity to the original, that its dramatic power and historic interest is preserved, and that the most cultivated readers will be attracted to it.

The Poems of Mrs. Lizzie Hamlett. Chicago: M. M. Pomeroy. These poems, which are published in a handsomely-bound volume, on tinted and hot-pressed paper, are very creditable productions. They are beautiful and refined in sentiment, delicate in expression, and such as will commend themselves

to lovers of true poetry. "The Relief of Lucknow" is one of the best in the volume.

What Shall We Drink? or, Alcohol: Its Uses and Abuses. By G. G. Evans. Philadelphia: George G. Evans. This is a thoroughly practical and useful book for temperance men. In its preparation its author has consulted the highest medical authorities. He takes the ground that all intoxicating drinks are not only unnecessary to persons in health, but positively injurious. It is a book reliable in its facts and statistics, and strong and conclusive in its arguments. Everybody should read it.

From Hand to Mouth. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Miss Douglas is one of our best and most popular American authors. Her stories are such as we can commend to the attention of our readers. As its title indicates, the story before us is one which is especially applicable in these hard times.

Quinnebasset Girls. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. An excellent story, by one of the most popular writers of tales for girls.

The Matchless Mystery, and other Sermons. By Charles H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. This is the tenth series of the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon which have been published. The discourses for the present series have been selected out of more than three hundred, published in England since the issue of the last volume of the American edition.

Ripley Parsonage; with more about the Mackenzies. By Faye Huntington. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This story is a sequel to "Mr. Mackenzie's Answer," and, as such, will be in demand. It is an interesting story, conveying the best of moral lessons.

Joe's Partner. By the author of "The Blue

Flag," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A temperance story for the little ones, deserving of careful reading.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The American Girl of the Period: Her Ways and her Views. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Isles of the Sea; or, Young America Home-ward Bound. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

There She Blows; or, The Log of the Arethusa. By Capt. W. H. Macy, of Nantucket. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Editor's Department.

Impediments to Early Marriages.

THE difficulties that lie in the way of early marriages, instead of diminishing seem to increase. The moderate incomes on which young men and maidens were content to begin life forty or fifty years ago, are regarded as wholly insufficient for the matrimonial venture of to-day, because society demands a certain style of living, on pain of ostracism; taking little note as to the ways and means by which the style is maintained. It turns a cold shoulder to honest frugality, which refuses to buy what it cannot pay for, and smiles a welcome on lavish prodigality, not caring at whose cost the show is maintained. It is scarcely a matter of surprise, seeing how this stands, that so many young men of moderate incomes, and young women without fortunes, hesitate on the question of matrimony, and let prudence and worldly wisdom set love in the background.

Another impediment to early and rightly-contracted marriages is to be found in the habits of the average "good society" young man of to-day, who is thus described by Jennie June: "He is not so thoughtful, sober, painstaking and conscientious as the young man of fifty years ago. He lives at a club, has no love of home-life nor desire to build up character and reputation as a man and citizen; his ideas of life are bounded by the theatre and the doings of his little set; and, in too many cases, his ambition is to own a racer and be on intimate terms with the ballet. Naturally, mothers shrink from entrusting their daughters to such youths as these, even if they have the opportunity, and are better pleased to bestow them on older men—men who have sown their wild oats; who know how little of real value there is in the temporary excitement of pleasure; who have, perhaps, been married once, and have learned to value home and the guarantees it affords for permanent happiness."

It is not to be denied that this sketch of our modern "good society" young man is, in the main, correct. But what of our modern "good society" young woman? Let us look for a moment at a sketch drawn by another hand, and as an offset to this: "The race of young men of fifty years ago has some lingering samples still on earth, and most of them are, no doubt, complaining that the young women are not the kind they had fifty years ago. They are now young ladies to them the thoughtful, sober, pains-

taking young man is stupid and a bore. If he knows anything he overwhelms them—and no young lady likes to be overwhelmed. They prefer one more airy, with a jaunty style, even a spicing of slang, and one who knows all the light gossip of the town, and can tell it in a breezy, slipshod way, that gives it relish. If he owns a racer, it's awful jolly, and he's the young fellow 'that's just too nice for anything.' We should suppose a mother would naturally shrink from entrusting her son to such young ladies as these. But there are exceptions here, as there are on the other side. The real need is some means of separating the sensible young people from those who are not so sensible, and of bringing the young men and maidens together in their appropriate class. Let our social economists direct their powerful attention to this important question."

Looking at these two sketches of the modern society young man and young woman, one sees little prospect of happiness in any marriages between such contracting parties. In most cases, it were better for them to remain single, than take the risks too surely involved; for there is no condition in life more to be dreaded and avoided than that of a marriage without genuine love. In the end, dislike, alienation and discord are almost sure to follow; if not the sadder consequences of infidelity.

Taking society as it stands, one who is familiar with its general estimate of the individuals who compose it cannot but wonder at the blind self-deception of those who imagine that they are of any real consequence in its eyes; and at the folly which leads them to sacrifice so much that is real, and true, and honest for the poor privilege of retaining its favor, or it may be, of its toleration only.

Drunkards in France Cannot Vote or Hold Office.

WE hear it constantly declared that, in France, wine-drinking prevents drunkenness. And yet, to so great a magnitude has this evil grown in that country, that Government has passed a law, That every one condemned twice by the police for the crime of open drunkenness, shall be deprived of the right to vote, of elective eligibility, and of being named for the jury or any public office. A similar law in this country would exclude a vast army of incompetent voters from the polls, and give us better men in thousands of responsible positions.

Publishers' Department.

STRONG DRINK; THE CURSE AND THE CURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

About one-half of this large volume of 672 pages is taken up with the story, "*What Shall I Do to be Saved From the Curse of Drink?*" which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE last year. The second part treats of the wide-spread curse of intemperance, and the means of reformation and cure. By turning to the publishers' descriptive circular, the character of this part of the work, the range of subjects discussed, and the manner of their treatment may be seen.

We refer to the book here to say, that, as it is sold by subscription, and cannot therefore be had at the book-stores, we will mail it to any of our subscribers who may wish to have it, and who are not able to obtain it from a subscription agent, on receipt of the regular price, \$2.00.

T. S. ARTHUR'S TEMPERANCE WORKS.

We will send, by mail, any of the following temperance books, by T. S. ARTHUR, on receipt of the price:

Three Years in a Man-Trap.....	\$2.00
Danger; or, Wounded in the House of a Friend..	2.00
Cast Adrift.....	2.00
Woman to the Rescue; A Story of the Crusade..	1.25
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	1.25
The Wife's Engagement-Ring.....	1.25
The Bar-Rooms of Brandy; or, The New Hotel Experiment.....	1.50
Tom Blinn's Temperance Society.....	1.25
The Pitcher of Cool Water, and other Temperance Stories for Boys and Girls.....	.50

THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

Acting, as this new and remarkable curative agent does, in perfect harmony with physiological laws, and as a re-vitalizer in depressed and exhausted nervous conditions, it is not surprising that the results constantly appearing under the treatment should be of so marked a character as often to surprise both patients and their friends. Large numbers of persons are being cured of ailments which have baffled for years the skill of physicians; and a still larger number greatly relieved and benefited, and enabled to resume abandoned duties.

This is not loose assertion, but a simple statement of fact. Drs. STARKEY and PALEN are physicians in regular standing, of high personal character and above the suspicion of quackery or pretence. A new curative agent has come into their possession, and their administration of it so far has resulted in restoring to health many who had regarded their ailments as incurable, and in giving back a good measure of health to a large number of invalids who had vainly sought for help through other means of cure.

Many letters from patients in all parts of the country who have used their "HOME TREATMENT," have been submitted to us for examination, and we can attest the genuineness of the extracts given below.

A lady writes from Springfield, Ohio: "It is now nearly four weeks since my mother commenced using the Compound Oxygen, and I am glad to report her much better. Indeed, she is much better than, one

month ago, we ever hoped to see her again. She has not had a severe headache, and has only a few times been dizzy; and though she still coughs, and I presume always will, yet even that is relieved in this short time. Should she gain nothing more from the use of the Oxygen, we feel amply repaid in what it has already done."

A lady writing from Parkman, Ohio, says: "I have been taking the Oxygen three weeks, and have had only one headache since I commenced it. Before that, I had catarrh headache every day. It is doing me so much good. Well, I cannot tell you how much better I feel."

A clergyman in Milton, Indiana, writes: "In the case of Mr. N—, I was not looking for a miracle, but the approximation is so near that the difference is not worth discussing. At the time he began the Home Treatment, he could only move his left leg by the use of his hands. One week after, I visited him and found him sitting in the door, and on my approach he raised himself quickly from his chair, at the same time lifting his left leg ten inches from the floor, and working his foot about with perfect freedom."

Mr. Waldo M. Claffin, a manufacturer of Philadelphia, gives this written testimony: "Two years ago I was sick with what was called consumption. I was too sick to attend to business—even to write a letter. My physician got discouraged, and took me almost by force to your office. I began to improve very soon, so that all my friends were surprised. In two months I was able to resume business, increasing in weight, strength and comfort. * * * If there be any disease about me for the last year, there is no evidence of it."

The following is a portion of a letter from H. G. Jacobs, chief clerk of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, D. C., bearing date June 7th, 1877: "I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength by frequent hemorrhages as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion. After two months' trial, I discontinued the treatment at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present."

Hon. William D. Kelley says in a letter to Dr. Starkey: "Gratitude to you, and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusions of blood, in greater or less quantities, impel me to say to you, and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas, at intervals, has so far restored my health, that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared."

The editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, of Philadelphia, says, in his paper, July 6th, 1877: "The Compound Oxygen we know to be a most valuable curative agent, and are personally acquainted with some remarkable restorations to health which it has effected. In one instance, a young lady of our acquaintance, entirely disabled by paralysis, was restored to good health, and is now married and a happy mother of a family. For pulmonary diseases, and especially for nervous exhaustion from overwork, we regard the treatment of the greatest value. We have been much benefited by its occasional use."

A clergyman, in Wisconsin, says: "I fear the amount of hard, straining work which I have done in order to get the parsonage in a condition for winter, has been unfavorable for receiving the best results from the treatment. I have worked some few days until I

was completely fagged out; and my back felt very weak and lame, but I have been surprised find that I endured, it seemed to me, three times the amount of hard work since taking the oxygen than I could have done before. * * * The benefit has chiefly come in the way of power to endure, and an increased clearness of mind and power of thinking."

As already said, we attest the genuineness of the above extracts, all the letters containing them, besides many others equally conclusive as to the benefits received from the use of Compound Oxygen, having been submitted to our examination by Drs. Starkey and Palen, to whose advertisement in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE we commend the attention of all who may be suffering from chronic ailments, which have heretofore baffled the skill of their physicians.

Dr. Starkey and Palen (1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia) have a little Brochure, of some two hundred pages, which is sent free to all who write for it. It tells all about the Compound Oxygen Treatment; and gives important testimonials as to its curative power.

A FARMER'S PAPER.—We ask attention to the card of *The Ohio Farmer* in this number of the magazine, and recommend it as one of the oldest and most valuable agricultural and family papers in the country.

OUR readers who may want to learn about the Far West, are referred to the advertisement of the *Kansas Farmer*, an old-established and popular journal in the West. It is published at the capital of the State.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$7,500 IN GREENBACKS.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL

GIFT OF PREMIUMS

To the Subscribers of the DETROIT

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

ESTABLISHED IN 1861.

\$7,500 IN GREENBACKS

To be distributed among 20,000 Subscribers

AT \$2.00 EACH,

On February 20, 1878.

\$133,500 IN CASH

Has been awarded to our subscribers within the past fourteen years.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR,
EACH SUBSCRIPTION PARTICIPATING IN OUR
AWARD OF SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

OUR REFERENCES.

For the past fourteen years we have distributed among our subscribers One Hundred and Thirty-three Thousand and Five Hundred Dollars in cash, and if space would permit, we could refer to thousands who have been awarded Premiums, but we simply refer to the Detroit daily press; Jacob Beeson, Ex-President of the Detroit Board of Trade; Ex-Governor John J. Bagley; Emory Wendell, Cashier First National Bank; and to our general reputation for fair conduct of these Gifts of Premiums in the past.

WM. H. BURK, Publisher,
44 Larned Street West, Detroit, Mich.

SAMPLE COPIES OF THE PAPER will be sent to any one who will furnish us their address.

TO FARMERS

And Farmers' Wives, and all engaged in Agricultural, Horticultural and Industrial Pursuits.

THE

RURAL NEW-YORKER

Has, in addition to what all other journals of its class contain, the following impressive, Original and Invaluable Features:

AN EXPERIMENTAL FARM

OF EIGHTY-TWO ACRES.

Agricultural and Garden Seeds

And Plants, propagated on its own grounds, and distributed free among its subscribers.

A Paper for Farmers

And Farmers' Wives—for Florists and Horticulturists. Its first aim is to make home happy.

Full Market Reports

Each week, from New York and Chicago, by our own reporters.

A PAPER FOR ALL SECTIONS. FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS. THE VEGETABLE GARDEN A SPECIALTY. THE CONDENSED NEWS OF THE WORLD EACH WEEK.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE LADIES.

FIVE PAGES OF LITERARY MATTER.

We give Illustrated Fashion Articles, with Cut Paper Patterns of leading styles, and articles on Household Decoration and Fancy work.

THE ENTIRE PAPER FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

Let EVERYBODY send us his name. We will forward, at once, a Specimen Copy free. Then JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

You can subscribe as follows:—3 months' trial, 65 cents; 6 months, \$1.30; 1 year (52 weeks), \$2.50; or through post-master or local agent at \$2 per year; or may club as follows: THE RURAL and Arthur's Home Magazine (\$4.75) for \$3.75.

Address **RURAL NEW-YORKER,**
78 Duane Street, New York.

THE DINGEE & CONRAD CO'S

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

We deliver **STRONG POT-ROSES**, suitable for immediate flowering, safely by mail, at all post-offices, five splendid varieties, your choice, all labelled, for \$1; 12 for \$3; 19 for \$3; 30 for \$4; 35 for \$5; 75 for \$10; 100 for \$12. Send for our **NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE**, and choose from over 300 finest sorts. Our Great Speciality is growing and distributing Roses.

THE DINGEE & CONRAD CO., Rose-Growers,
2-17, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

WAX FLOWER PATTERNS.

POND LILIES, PANSIES, ROSES, PUCHIAS. Directions for making Fruit, Vase and Image Moulds. Ten Illustrated Patterns, with full directions, sent post-paid for \$1.50 and 8-cent stamp.

Address **Mrs. E. T. L. THOMPSON,**
2-5, Winchester, Randolph Co., Indiana.

The Shining Star, A Monthly Paper for the Young
Eight pages, Twenty-four columns.
Sample copy sent free on application.

Address **Rev. P. W. RAIDBAUGH,**
1-2, Danville, Penn.

PIANOS Retail price \$300 only \$250. Parlor Organs, price \$340, only \$35. Paper free.
DANIEL F. BRATTY, Washington, M. J.

12-y.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. **H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.**

ral,

R

ans

lu-

M

dis-

sta.

re-

UP-

l.

per

old

o.

rd,

OR

ts;

est-

fol-

rk.

S

ee-

st-

all

35

W

om

is

Pa.

S

U-

age

ns,

a.

g

ns,

Or-

ea.

st

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' CARRICK COSTUME.—(For Description see Next Page.)

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' CARRICK COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—The costume illustrated on the previous page is composed of two shades of cashmere. The skirt is of the darker material and of pretty walking length. The bottom is trimmed with a kilt-plaiting of the material, which is only about a quarter of a yard deep, as the polonaise comes nearly to the bottom of the skirt and makes a wider trimming unnecessary. Sometimes a velvet or silk flounce is used instead of one of the material. The pattern to the skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is No. 6053, price 35 cents.

The polonaise has a diagonal closing, is long and plain, and is fitted by the usual seams and darts. Extra widths at the side-back seams below the waist-line are folded in a box-plait at each side, one-half of which is under the gore and the other is on the outside of the back. Broad braid, buttons and simulated button-holes are used in decorating the lower edges, the sleeve and a portion of the back seam. The garment is called the "Carrick" polonaise, taking its name from the three overlapping capes about the neck. The pattern is No. 6120, price 35 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The hat is of velvet, trimmed with ribbon and an ostrich tip.



6124
Front View.



6124
Back View.

GIRLS' COAT.

No. 6124.—This coat combines the "Princess" and "Carrick" styles and is not only comfortable but very graceful in outline. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 6 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6123
Front View.



6123
Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 6123.—This costume is made of lady's-cloth and trimmed with braid and buttons. The pattern costs 25 cents and is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 5 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required.



6122
Front View.



6122
Back View.

MISSES' DOUBLE-BREADED BLOUSE, WITH A YOKE.

No. 6122.—This blouse pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6129
Front View.



6129
Back View.

GIRLS' PRINCESS DRESS, WITH PLAITED DRAPERY.

No. 6129.—This stylish pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and its price is 30 cents. To make the garment for a girl of 7 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required.

CHILD'S BLOUSE DRESS, WITH SASH.

No. 6125.—To make this cunning little garment for a child of 4 years, 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48



6119

Front View.

6125

Front View.

6125

Back View.

6119

Back View.

inches wide, will be needed. The pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 2 to 5 years of age, and its price is 25 cents.

LADIES' COAT, WITH REVERS.

No. 6119.—The coat illustrated is made of cloth and trimmed with machine-stitching and braid, together with fancy buttons and simulated button-holes. The closing is concealed by a ribbon bow with long ends. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents



6128

Front View.

6130

Front View.

6130

Back View.

6128

Back View.

LADIES' JACKET, WITH VEST.

No. 6130.—This pretty jacket may be made of any combination of materials agreeable to the taste, and worn as an outside garment or to complete a costume. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain goods, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of brocade, each 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of brocade, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 6128.—A very stylish polonaise is illustrated by these engravings. It is made of suit goods, and trimmed with narrow braid and bows of ribbon. The front and sides are shirred, and the back is laid in a long cluster of plaits. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6112

Front View.

6112

*Back View.***BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, SACK COAT.**

No. 6112.—The pattern to this garment is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a boy of 12 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide will be needed.



6110

Front View.

6110

*Back View.***BOYS' CUTAWAY, SACK COAT.**

No. 6110.—This pattern may be used for any suiting and is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. To make the garment for a boy of 8 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6117

Front View.

6117

*Back View.***BOYS' CUTAWAY COAT, (LONG IN THE WAIST.)**

No. 6117.—This garment is made from cassimere and finished with stitching. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and calls for $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide for a boy of 13 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6104

Front View.

6104

*Back View.***BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, SACK OVERCOAT.**

No. 6104.—The coat illustrated may be made from $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide for a boy of 11 years. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



6109

Front View.

6109

*Back View.***BOYS' COSTUME.**

No. 6109.—To make this costume for a boy of 4 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide will be required. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age, and its price is 25 cents.



6127

Front View.

6127

*Back View.***CHILD'S SINGLE-BREASTED JACKET.**

No. 6127.—This little garment calls for $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, in making it for a child of 6 years. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





CHARLES I. INSULTED.—Page 167.

